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The Youngest Generation, by Virginia Moore, on page 672

# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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## Science and Criticism

AND if we recommend, as last week, that the generation of thirty and under should spend their nights upon science, it was not because science explains literature (which is like saying that a yardstick explains an Oriental rug), or is a substitute for the humanities. But science *is* the chief differentia between our times and the past, and this we who are trying to get back again toward the law, the order, the standards of pre-modernist civilization must remember. No matter how relative time may be in mathematics, we must live in the present. Science is the new factor, the X, which must enter into every equation of thinking, every dogma, every metaphysics, every critical program in place of Y, which represents the factor of error now dead and removable. This is true for all the great masters whose examples are given us for touchstone and standard, the angle of error being wide in the "natural philosophers," narrowing in *belles lettres*, until in pure poetry it becomes inconsiderable.

Plato, it is true would have been still Platonic with all modern psychology in his maw, Dante would have changed his philosophy because of no new data of history, but even in these majestic minds an access to this half century's science would have made incalculable differences, while Aristotle, the pet of the categorists, if he had possessed instruments of precision and known how to use them would certainly never have been the Aristotle we know.

Let the *laudator temporis acti* remember that of the ancient learning which was until recently the staple of education a large part, what once was the most important part, has died in our century. Classic natural science, geography, moral psychology, history is all or much of it of only antiquarian interest, yet upon its facts and assumptions the *belles lettres*, the philosophy, the criticism of the past are often based, and are always somewhat dependent.

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Both the content and the methods of modern science must be deeply considered before we set up new formulas or repeat Pope's dangerous generalization that nature and Homer are the same. The conclusions of science if not favorable to that mechanistic materialism which literary criticism grabbed from the tree before it was ripe, are not favorable to the efforts of pure reason either. In religion they run parallel with mysticism, in criticism they give a validity to the perceptions of the esthetic consciousness, and no more. And the methods of science are in sharp contrast to the kind of literary reasoning which would throw out all experiment because the subjects are new and the results confusing.

We shall listen therefore to no philosopher or critic (though to any poet) who has not been to school to modern science and learned what our age has contributed to knowledge and the art of knowing. We shall listen to no philosopher or critic who out of ignorance is afraid of the results of science, saying pooh! pooh! to the machines, and resorting to the seventeenth century, or the fourth, A.D. or B.C., because the life formulas of those days have the simplicity of inapplicability to our own. You can neither cure nor transcend industrialism by denying it. Of course, to be afraid of this industrialism out of wisdom is quite another thing, but that means the acceptance of science, which is measurement, in so far as it measures, and a courageous resistance to the modern confusion of measurement with living. It is the difference between a frightened scholar and a real estate booster at the ends, with Thoreau, let us say, in the middle.

The first job of the critics aged thirty or under, will be to survey our inherited wisdom by the new measurements, in so far as this wisdom is measureable. This means that they will have to know as much literature as their elders, much more than some of the more immediate ones, and more science too.

## *Lake Wind*

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

WHEN I was small it used to frighten me
To be alone and see
The wind and lake and sky shut suddenly down
On all that had been sunlight and blown leaves
And flashing ripples of a fishes' town. . . .

Someone had pulled a curtain suddenly,
Someone who had laughed out relentingly
Had not forgiven. Never, after all.
The sheet of hopeless shades drew suddenly
On all that I had trusted to be kind.

"Oh, are you sure— Oh, are you sure—" Terror would quaver,
Terror would warn me, chattering, hurrying,
Terror the only friend in the lost time
Of little slinking fathers of my race,
The shadow of a million savage dreads
Would pull me muttering, "Hide, be safe, oh hide!"

The sun is in, the wind blows, shuddering
To a forsaken thing
The branch that waved and postured in the sun.
All that was safe and bright is broken, done,
Terror, my friend, comes pulling at the oar,
Shaking the boat from shore,
"Oh, are you sure? Oh, are you sure?" repeating
Along the sodden water that rises beating. . . .
No, nothing has forgiven after all.

### *This Week*

"Human History."
Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY.

"Emma Willard."
Reviewed by MARION C. DODD.

"Joining Charles."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"—and Company."
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

"The Love of Jeanne Ney."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"The Brownings: A Victorian Idyll."
Reviewed by SAMUEL CHEW.

### *Next Week, or Later*

"A Gallery of Women."
Reviewed by ROLLO WALTER BROWN.

## Paul Valéry

By ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

TOWARDS the end of the nineteenth century two unknown poets, one in France and the other in England, created a sudden commotion in the literary world, and then relapsed into unaccountable silence. In 1896, a young man named A. E. Housman published "A Shropshire Lad," a stark little volume which contrasted vigorously with the feeble indecencies of the yellow 'nineties. Mr. Housman's second venture was eagerly awaited, but the author was not to be hurried. He kept the world waiting for over twenty years, and what was even more remarkable, when he finally brought out the "Last Poems" in 1921, he convinced the world that the delay was worth while. In 1898 another unknown young man, Paul Valéry, published a collection of poems entitled "Album de Vers Anciens." Again the literary world asked for more, and M. Valéry, like Mr. Housman, responded to the appeal after twenty years.

Compared with A. E. Housman, Valéry has recently become positively prolific. That is to say, since the appearance of "La Jeune Parque" in 1917, he has published a few essays and another slim volume of poetry. With these two or three little books of prose and poetry under his arm M. Valéry knocked at the door of the Academy and was immediately admitted. The death of Anatole France supplied the necessary vacancy. It is significant in this age of loud speakers, generally supposed to be so indifferent to the claims of modesty and good workmanship, that the highest literary tribunal in the world has seen fit to honor a man who has never conceded one inch to the demands of popularity. It is even more significant that the election of M. Valéry met with nation-wide approval. He took the place of a delightfully urbane philosopher, the range of whose ideas is always comfortably within our reach, and whose style is the very epitome of that clarity which we are always told is characteristically French. "The longer I live," said Anatole France, "the more I feel that there is no beauty except where there is simplicity." Accordingly he was indifferent, if not actually hostile, to any of the new movements in literature which try to reflect, often at the expense of logic and syntax, the complexity of our bewildered civilization.

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What a contrast with Paul Valéry, who is forever trying to solidify into poetry the most elusive shadow of a thought. Anatole France avoided obscurity as he would any dangerous infection. Paul Valéry accepts it as one of the inevitable risks that a poet has to be prepared to take. Gabriel Hanotaux began his speech welcoming Valéry into the Academy with the indubitably truthful remark, "Vous êtes un auteur difficile." Valéry comes by his obscurity naturally. His first contact with the literary world took place under the ægis of Mallarmé, whose rooms in the Rue de Rome were for some years the center of the eager, intellectual life of Paris. There, if anywhere, the most radical ideas in art or literature would be sure of a sympathetic reception. Huysmans, Heredia, and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam were regular habitués, and here too came Paul Valéry, fresh from the college of Montpellier. Heredia accused him of indifference to literature, the unforgivable sin among such enthusiasts, but Valéry has never found it easy to dedicate himself wholeheartedly to the Muse. He was born and brought up

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on the shores of the Mediterranean, and his first love was for the sea. His inability to grasp the essentials of mathematics, strange considering his later devotion to that science, put an end to that career. Subsequently he developed a taste for architecture, which he later turned to excellent account in the amazingly beautiful essay "Eupalinos." Literature is therefore his third love, and indeed literature in the sense of vicarious experience has never fascinated him. If it had, he would not have remained silent during those twenty years, while he was bending the bow of mathematics and philosophy. What really excites him is the exploitation of the intelligence. The chief object of literature in his mind is nothing more than the study and acquisition of new forms of expression. In other words he is a twentieth century romantic determined to avoid at all costs the smooth highways of literary tradition.

Valéry complains that such words as romanticism, classicism, reason, beauty, and intelligence, have lost whatever precise meaning they may once have had; that while excellent no doubt for conversation they do not contribute to the development of thought. He shares the scientist's impatience with the inevitable indefiniteness of language, but surely there is something definite in the idea of romanticism, however varied its manifestations may be. Théophile Gautier, flaunting his red waistcoat on the first night of "Hernani," was protesting against the obvious. Paul Valéry's rebellion against inarticulate knowledge and incomplete wisdom represents exactly the same tendency. We can see it at work, for instance, in his poem "La Pythie," in which the priestess writhes on the tripod raving at the agonies of creative existence. Valéry is never willing to accept limitations. The mathematicians, as he says, have finally given up all hope of squaring the circle, but the poets are not yet convinced of the impossibility of squaring all thought into poetic form. While he indignantly rejects the old-fashioned theory that a poet is a dreamer, and insists on the contrary that a poet must be a precise thinker, he is fascinated by the constant opposition of dream and reality. He balances the past against the present, the possible against the actual, the abstract idea against the concrete fact. His conception of the ideal European as one who is distinguished by a happy blend of imagination and logical rigor, by a scepticism that is not pessimistic, and by a mysticism that is not resigned, exactly fits his own poetic ideal. Romanticism is always seeking to withdraw from the workaday world and to fashion some inner more significant life for itself. Valéry accepts that theory and at the same time expands it. The more significant life for which he is striving is a more intellectual life, a life in which the relationship between things is more clearly apprehended. In 1830, the young Gautiers and Victor Hugos delighted in outraging the bourgeois, for the reason that anything seemed better to them than conventional respectability. Today such men as Valéry are not so much concerned with revolt, for the intellectual world is more tolerant now than it was then. They are trying to isolate poetry from the foreign elements that have grown up around it, and reduce to the very minimum the prose alloy that is found to some extent in every poem, just as the modern artist is trying to free himself from the traditions that have accumulated around the idea of representation.

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The immediate result of Valéry's poetic theory is obscurity. To our generation that is hardly an objection. No literary critic of any standing would dream of jeering at Valéry as the critics of a generation ago jeered at Mallarmé. The fact that a poem is incomprehensible to all but a few friends of the poet, who happen to know the short cuts of his mind, is considered almost irrelevant. Possibly the pendulum has swung too far; at any rate it is becoming dangerously easy to establish a reputation for culture merely by professing an admiration for the unintelligible.

The question for the critic is whether the charge of obscurity rests upon the intricacy of the poet's thought or the shortcomings of the reader's mind. Valéry's thought is invariably unusual but the expression of it is as exact and as mellifluous as his exquisite artistry can make it. There is nothing crabbed or ugly in his poetry, nothing in the least resembling Browning's triumph of cacophony: "Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?" Browning admirers insist that his harshness is always deliberate, that it is merely his way of jerking the reader's mind, but it is significant that these deliberate lapses from euphony usually coincide with a certain obscurity in the thought. Valéry's description of God, bored with the perfection of his own creation, is certainly as original as anything in Browning, but instead of jangling discords he creates a miracle of sensuous beauty:

Comme las de son pur spectacle,
Dieu lui-même a rompu l'obstacle
De sa parfaite éternité;
Il se fit Celui qui dissipe
En conséquences, son Principe,
En étoiles, son Unité.

He has freed himself from the irrational elements of the French tradition—the rule, for instance, that a rhyme must satisfy the eye as well as the ear, and that consequently a singular must never rhyme with a plural—but he has never written a line of *vers libre*. He disregards the rule of alternate rhymes, he permits hiatus and lines of unusual length, in fact he demands for himself the freedom that English poetry has always enjoyed.

Valéry has been well described as the heir to the experimental work of the last generation, but except for the few metrical liberties which we have just mentioned, he is deliberately conservative in his technique. He accepts the voluntary chains of poetry just as the prose writer accepts the tyrannies of syntax and vocabulary. Poets, he maintains, always run the risk of being misunderstood, but the uncertainty of communication between writers and readers is very largely reduced by the fixed metres and more or less artificial symmetries of traditional verse. That may be sound doctrine, but it is hardly the kind of message that breeds hero worshippers. No, if we would understand why Valéry's election to the Academy was so amazingly popular with the younger men we must try to grapple with the stuff of his poetry. No better example can be found of his intellectual subtlety, his extraordinary felicity of language, and his architectural instinct, than the "Ebauche d'un Serpent."

This poem is a curiously twentieth century version of the fall of man. The opening is simple enough; the serpent glories in his strength and warns mankind to beware of his infinite resources. Thereupon he apostrophizes that "faute éclatante," the sun, which by its very brilliancy has prevented man from perceiving that the Universe is only a flaw in the purity of non-existence. God had created the world because he was bored with his "pur spectacle." Valéry's serpent is more modern in his methods, as well as more dangerous, than Milton's conventional tempter. He is not strictly speaking, a tempter at all, but merely "celui qui modifie." He will transform mankind into a race of intelligent beings by worming himself into their hearts, by actually identifying himself with their self-respect. The effect upon Eve is that of an all-pervasive aroma:

Je vais, je viens, je glisse, plonge,
Je disparais dans un coeur pur!
Fut-il jamais de sein si dur
Qu'on n'y puisse loger un songe?
Qui que tu sois, ne suis-je point
Cette complaisance qui poind
Dans ton âme, lorsqu'elle s'aime?
Je suis au fond de sa faveur
Cette inimitable saveur
Que tu ne trouves qu'à toi-même!

Translations are notoriously unsatisfactory, but the temptation to translate is irresistible.

I go, I come, I creep, I dive,
Into the purest heart I flow!
Is there a breast that can forego
The subtle dream that I contrive?
For am I not, whoe'er you be
That satisfied complacency
Forever growing in your soul?
I am beneath a godly favor
That same inimitable savor
Which finds within yourself its goal.

Was there ever a more subtle arraignment of the sin of pride? It is characteristic of Valéry that the serpent should finally triumph by appealing to Eve's "soif de metamorphoses." This emphasis upon metamorphosis recurs in a great many of Valéry's poems. The "Ebauche d'un Serpent" concludes with a description of the tree of knowledge, but it is the top branches stretching toward infinity and the roots reaching down to the abyss, which really excite his ardor, rather than the tree itself. Little by little the tree, pathetically proud of its omniscience, fades into a symbol of aspiration, while the serpent basking in its branches turns all its fruit into bitterness.

In the following poem, Valéry's obscurity is due not so much to his intellectual depth as to his disregard for the familiar channels of thought.

Ni vu ni connu
Je suis le parfum
Vivant et défunt
Dans le vent venu! . . . . . .

Ni vu ni connu,
Hasard ou génie?
A peine venu
La tâche est finie!

Ni lu ni compris?
Aux meilleurs esprits
Que d'erreurs promises!

Ni vu ni connu,
Le temps d'un sein nu
Entre deux chemises!

This is one of the loveliest and one of the most transparent poems that Valéry ever wrote, but upon hearing it for the first time what a jarring note the last two lines seem to strike! The meaning is clear enough—the poet is picturing a momentary flash of nakedness—but why has he deliberately broken the spell with his prosaic "deux chemises?" If any of the famous romantics had written such a line, it could easily have been explained as mere bravado, but Valéry is actuated by no such childish motive. No doubt he chose the image with extreme care as expressing most accurately the impression of fleetingness that he wished to convey. Being a thoroughly impersonal and unsentimental poet, Valéry ignores the vulgar connotation, and compels the reader to accept the phrase as he intended it.

It is Valéry's imagery even more than his ideas, his metre, or his diction, that distinguishes him from his contemporaries. He exacts from his readers an unflagging nimble-wittedness. If his images were only static we could go plodding after him at our own pace, but on the contrary he expresses his meaning through figures that are tantalizingly fluid. He ignores the ideals of the Parnassians and of their modern descendants, the Imagists. His poetry is neither moulded nor chiselled. The mere fact that he does not write picturesque or statuesque poetry does not in itself constitute originality, for long ago Verlaine voiced a protest against this narrow ideal.

Car nous voulons la Nuance encor,
Pas la Couleur, rien que la nuance!
Oh! la nuance seule fiance
Le rêve au rêve et la flute au cor!

With this particular outburst Valéry probably agrees, but he does not always see eye to eye with Verlaine. He certainly would not subscribe to the petulant outburst, "Prends l'eloquence et tords-lui son cou." Valéry's eloquence is inseparable from his love of music, indeed the whole trend of his verse is to establish a closer connection between music and poetry. The modern poet does not attempt to offer a handy substitute for painting or sculpture, but to create in the reader a certain mood and to carry that mood to a state of perfect delight. The best poetry, according to his theory, is that in which the verbal melody, and the suggestive way of handling it, are considered of greater importance than the purely visual appeal.

"Le Cimetière Marin" is perhaps the poem in which M. Valéry has most nearly attained his ideal. If such a thing as "pure Poetry" is conceivable, poetry, that is to say, isolated from every essence other than its own, here if anywhere it may be found. The title is unintentionally misleading. Churchyards and cemeteries have always held such a fascination for romantic poets that we find ourselves half expecting some tender reflections on death, but M. Valéry's meditations are of a very different kind. He is discussing in this poem the relationship between movement and repose, the restlessness of the sea and the stillness of the cemetery. "Le Cimetière Marin" could hardly be called an autobiographical poem, but it is less severely impersonal than most of Valéry's poetry. Contemplation of the sea and the cemetery leads imperceptibly into introspection. The romantic poets of the nineteenth century were acutely conscious of the dignity of the individual. Wordsworth and Byron, Lamartine and Alfred de Musset never got very far from themselves; they are invariably the heroes of their own poems. Valéry goes one step further. He is so obsessed with the "moi-même" and the "moi seul," that unlike the romantic poets he wishes to strip it of all extraneous associations. The fluidity of the inner world and the inadequacy of all categories is continually preying upon him, so much so that his pursuit of the real self

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is almost as hopeless, and just as imperative, as the quest of the Holy Grail. Every concrete object, every abstract idea, is dissolved by his remorseless analysis, only to reappear in some more exquisite form. The dancing of a ballet girl suggests to him the perpetual movement of the waves of the sea, the changeability of life itself, until finally it becomes a symbol of transformation—"l'acte pur des metamorphoses."

It need hardly be said that "Le Cimetière Marin" is a difficult poem. Valéry's preoccupation with the changing aspects of things leads to inevitable obscurities. In the first stanza the sea is pictured as "ce toit tranquille, où marchent des colombes." The image of the roof is subsequently used not only of the sea but of the soul, which equally conceals its mysteries beneath a tranquil surface. As for the "colombes," it is not until the last line of the poem that the reader discovers they are not sea-gulls, as might naturally be expected, but the sails of ships. Any attempt to analyze the poem closely is foredoomed to failure, for the meaning reaches us through ways that are not distinctly traceable to the understanding. It is absurd to expect such a poem to be as lucid as the demonstration of the square of the hypotenuse. And yet, without minimizing for a moment the difficulty of following Valéry's elliptical language, there are oases in the poem of extraordinary beauty:

Fermé, sacré, plein d'un feu sans matière,
Fragment terrestre offert à la lumière,
Ce lieu me plaît, dominé de flambeaux,
Composé d'or, de pierre et d'arbres sombres,
Où tant de marbre est tremblant sur tant d'ombres;
La mer fidèle y dort sur mes tombeaux!

Full of spirit fire, sacred, enclosed,
An earthly fragment to the sun exposed,
This spot enchants me which the torches frame,
Compact of stone, of sombre trees, of flame,
The marble trembles on the phantom hosts,
There where the faithful sea sleeps by my ghosts.

One of Valéry's greatest admirers, the Abbé Bremond, recently made a speech in the Academy attempting to prove that poetry is identical with prayer, since it induces a condition akin to mystical contemplation. Such poems as "Le Cimetière Marin" and "La Jeune Parque" seem to justify this theory, but Valéry will have none of it. He refuses to be connected with the prayer or with any theory of "pure poetry," and the Abbé is left lamenting that Valéry is a poet "malgré lui." If we mean by pure poetry "the deliberate construction upon a theme itself utterly indifferent of a musical pattern of words which gives delight," Valéry is probably right. His poems represent far more than a musical pattern of words. But according to Mr. George Moore, who has compiled an anthology to prove his point, pure poetry is nothing more nor less than something that the poet creates outside of his own personality. This definition fits Valéry's poetry more closely. He never expatiates on the adventures of his soul. The future Ludwigs and Lytton Stracheys will be hard put to it to construct their biographical romances out of his poetry.

And yet in spite of his impersonality Valéry seems to us essentially a romantic poet. Perhaps it is difficult to conceive of a romantic who never indulges in amatory fancies, and who insists, as Valéry does, that a poem is born out of servitude rather than liberty. The very fact that he is so suspicious of enthusiasm and inspiration, that he considers poetry so inevitably exacting of intellectual activity, has blinded admirers to his underlying romanticism. The man who relies upon the things within himself rather than upon commerce with the outer world is always a romantic. He need not apostrophize Liberty, or insult the bourgeois, or exploit the pageant of his bleeding heart, provided that he creates his own universe. That is what Paul Valéry has done. The scientist's passionate precision and the poet's relentless imagination have fashioned a radiant universe infinitely exhilarating to those disposed to stretch their minds.

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The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination for the position of Senior Librarian. Applications must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than February 26. The examination is to fill vacancies in the Office of Education, Department of the Interior; in the Patent Office, Department of Commerce, and in positions requiring similar qualifications in other branches of the Departmental Service, Washington, D. C. The entrance salary is $4,600 a year. Higher-salaried positions are filled through promotion.

# Natural History of Man

HUMAN HISTORY. By ELLIOT SMITH. New York: W. W. Norton Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY
Vassar College

THIS is an interesting book both because of the mass of information that is packed into its pages and also because of the highly controversial nature of many of its premises, such as that of a single cradle of the human race, of an original golden age of humanity, and especially of Egypt as the sole mother of civilization.

The trite phrase, human history, is here enlarged and enriched into a definition which includes the natural history of mankind and the humanities; in the one case man being treated as a living creature, and in the other as profoundly differing from all other living creatures in being human. In studying the beliefs of primitive man the author makes a generous distinction between our disparaging use of the word superstitions and these very superstitions as originally rational. We should regard these beliefs, he declares, as so much life insurance, because they are not simply articles of faith or religion, but rather

From the "Frescoes of Diego Rivera" (Harcourt, Brace). See page 671.

the all-inclusive scientific theory of the time, a doctrine that was supposed to be founded upon observation of the facts of nature and an essentially rational attempt to interpret them. Thus magic becomes nothing more than the scientific theories of the past, and its practice a kind of policy to meet the issues of life and death. Here the concrete facts that came within the range of primitive man's experience were the loss of blood or the damage inflicted by the teeth and claws of animals as the causes of death, and the phenomena of birth as the means of acquiring life. Hence blood and blood-substitutes, the teeth and claws of animals, and material figurines and cowries become elixirs of life, objects which by a process of reasoning that was not wholly illogical —even if the premises were false—led primitive Man to believe these things to be life-giving or death-averting.

All this is illuminating; it explains, for example, why a member of the sacred order of Elks wears, as a watch charm, the tooth of his tribal totem. In other words, scattered all through twentieth century civilization there are a vast number of vestigial remains of primitive beliefs. The life-quest, then, will explain many of the wanderings of man, while the searchers for the "givers of life" were evidently the pioneers in the migrations of the races. There was a search not only for magic teeth and claws, but for the bloodlike carnelian and coral and above all for those cowrie shells which had such a strange sexual significance.

Now because of this very variety of objects with magical powers, it would seem that the author is illogical in holding to a single cradle of the race. It would rather appear that there was not an original cradle, but a crêche, and that from almost any part of the continents of Asia and Europe there could have arisen those great movements of races which the anthropologists differ about so greatly. Of all the original "cradles," whether in Mongolia or Egypt or Southern Africa or the Mediterranean, localities which have had their respective advocates, Doctor Elliott Smith picks out the Siwalik hills, among the foothills of the Himalyas, and from this spot, as from a focus, he would start the vast movements not only of Negroes to Africa, of Nordics and Alpines to Europe, but also of Australians, Mongols and even North Americans to their respective habitats.

Upon these migrations, concerning which there is so much controversy, the writer seems to look with merely one eye open, just as he does in the case of Egypt as the mother of civilization. In the meanwhile he takes up the theory of an original Golden Age of mankind, and, while he derives all races from a single anthropoid stock in India, considers that stock to have lived originally in a happy state of nature. In those times, he narrates, men were without houses and clothes, without social or political organization, without property or any restraints upon their freedom other than such as common decency and consideration for other human beings imposed. Free from the common causes of exasperation, envy, and malice, the innate goodness and kindliness of man found unhampered opportunities for expression. Men were happy and peaceful, kind and considerate. In spite of the discomforts and anxieties of daily life they cheerfully enjoyed a state of Arcadian simplicity.

All this is a curious case of a revival of an outworn theory, "the return to nature" of Rousseau, as against "the war of all against all" of Thomas Hobbes. The postulates of the former are here accepted with strange variations. In place of pious Peruvians and virtuous Natchez, we have enviable Australians and blameless Eskimos, although Doctor Elliot acknowledges that the former are very cruel when exasperated, and that the latter kill off their old people whenever they see fit. The author's references to Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" and to Montaigne's Essays, both of whose authors were enamored of the "gentle savages," are interesting; but his attempts to prove man's innate peacefulness by quotations ranging from Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" to President Coolidge's Armistice Day Address of 1928, are hardly convincing.

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Another highly questionable thesis is the monobenetic origin of civilization. Here Egypt is assumed to be the cradle of culture and from the Nile valley it is argued that there spread all over the world knowledge of architecture, alcohol, brickmaking, carpentry, clothes, irrigation, and so on through the alphabet of man's achievements. This is the general thesis which follows the school of Professor Perry of England and is quite at variance with the school represented by an American scholar like the late Daniel G. Brinton. This latter school finds it difficult to explain the universal diffusion of culture from a single center into such remote parts of the world as Polynesia and Yucatan, in spite of many resemblances between the gigantic monuments of Easter Island and those of the Nile, and the pyramids of Cheops and those of the Mayas. In place of derivation this school would put creation, and would give a psychological and not a strictly historical explanation for these baffling problems. Thus all men tend to glorify their kings with monstrous monuments, and pyramids are about the crudest and easiest structures to build. So to go further and to say, as does Doctor Elliot Smith, that one man, some unknown Egyptian genius, was the originator of agriculture, irrigation, and the like is certainly straining an explanation. We have had in America the *reductio ad absurdum* of this theory in the work of that wild author from Kansas, Ignatius Donnelly, who tried to prove the origin of the Mayan civilization by way of the Lost Atlantis.

In spite of these dubious views, and of an attack upon his critics as believing in a kind of "fashionable" evolution, which says that man must inevitably go through certain phases preliminary to civilization in whatever part of the world he may be, in spite of these views, this book is stimulating, especially in those maps which give a diagram of the wanderings of man in the search, for example, of gold. Disregarding the theory of a single source of civilization in the valley of the Nile, the author's generalizations are significant, as when he declares the mere fact that men should have embarked upon the most hazardous adventures, involving untold dangers by sea and land, to obtain a metal of little intrinsic

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value, is in itself the most emphatic demonstration of the reality of cultural diffusion in ancient times. Not only does it prove the diffusion of culture, but it also represents the chief lure which impelled men in antiquity to engage in maritime adventure and long expeditions by land. It also determined the localities where these wanderers settled, and incidentally planted in foreign lands the germs of the civilization of their own country. Such events, he concludes, have been the chief factor in the spread of civilization in the world for fifty centuries.

# An Educational Pioneer

EMMA WILLARD. By ALMA LUTZ. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

MANY times a figure crosses the stage quietly, without conspicuous action or loud acclaim, who yet carries an influential part in the development of the play. Such was Emma Willard in the inception and growth of education for women in America. Of "conspicuous action," as a matter of fact, she might have been and indeed was, in her own day, accused; but in the summary of time she has not, except by a few people, been accorded as prominent and recognized a position among early educators as she deserves. Women's education is now so much to the fore as a movement both of interest and of influence in our country that this intelligently written life of Mrs. Willard by Alma Lutz, a graduate of the Emma Willard School and of Vassar College, should be of interest to every educator and to many students.

Emma Willard came of pioneer farming stock in Connecticut—a usual background in those days, but she soon began to mark herself out from it as concerned with things of the mind for herself and for others. The date of her early interests and efforts is the reader's first surprise—she was born in 1787! Before 1820 she had coined the name "Female Seminary" now so outmoded but then so poignant—and had appeared as probably the first woman lobbyist, advocating in the New York State legislature her remarkable "Plan for Improving Female Education," a pamphlet of her own composition, expressing her now well organized ideas and hopes. This was for those days stepping into the lime-light indeed. It is not at all to detract from Mrs. Willard's own courageous initiative that we call attention to one significant factor in her progress,—her husband's contribution not merely of his consent, but of his sympathetic encouragement and coöperation in her intellectual life and her most unusual interests. Miss Lutz makes it clear that to Dr. John Willard, also, the woman student of today owes her tribute; for almost every man of that day would have crushed and forbidden any such initiative in a wife and especially in a wife much younger than himself. Their intellectual companionship was far indeed ahead of their times. Mrs. Willard was again fortunate in finding an echo of it a little later in her welcome as a student under Professor Amos Eaton, the natural scientist, an original and interesting figure of his period. He was a powerful and friendly influence in her life, both in her own development and in the planning and introduction of science courses—led for a time by himself—in the Seminary. Opposite in feeling, however, was the attitude of the faculty of Middlebury College where, because it would be "unbecoming," she was refused permission to attend the boys' examinations for the purpose of studying their standards of scholarship and some of the methods of the college. Undaunted, however, she worked out her own.

As a study of mind and character influenced by and yet outstripping environment, it is most interesting to follow Miss Lutz's presentation of the opposing factors in Mrs. Willard herself. When she had finally established her own school at Troy we discover an amazing number of modern theories being calmly put in practice there. Among them were (educators take notice) a scholarship system, probably the first to be provided by a woman for girls; a self-government system with monitors, as an aid in preparing for life; the introduction of dancing to alleviate the stiff routine teaching of the day and to stimulate physical health and motor coördination; a real "normal" system—at first in Mrs. Willard's early days of teaching at Middlebury, Vermont, where she at once began to train girls to assist her, and later in the Troy Seminary where this phase of her work developed to such an extent that, as Miss Lutz says, the Seminary "may well be called the forerunner of the normal school." It was before long sending teachers all over the country in answer to requests for the filling of pressing needs. Again, in Kensington, Connecticut, in later years, she organized a "Female Common School Association" and addressed them upon "The Relation of Females and Mothers Especially to the Cause of Common School Improvement," with suggestions startlingly like the elements of our very "progressive" Parent-Teachers Associations of today. And finally we discover her, to our amazement, teaching her subjects in groups, history "being supplemented by geography and literature of the same period. For example, ancient history, ancient geography, and the 'Iliad' were studied together." What, pray, is this but today's project-method?

On the other side of the picture we are surprised (yet why should we be?) to find Emma Willard the true woman of her period wherever her one consuming interest—woman's education—did not draw her out of it.

> She hastened to placate those who might be offended by her unconventional views. She wrote: "I would not be understood to insinuate that we are not, in particular situations, to yield obedience to the other sex. Submission and obedience belong to every being in the universe, except the great Master of the whole. Nor is it a degrading peculiarity to our sex to be under human authority. Whenever one class of human beings derive from another the benefit of support and protection, they must pay its equivalent—obedience. . . . Neither would I be understood to mean that our sex should not seek to make themselves agreeable to the other."

She also, even with her "remarkable vision and zeal for the advancement of her sex, closed the door of her mind to the consideration of women's political rights." No feminism, no political demands, for her—though her biographer thinks this was probably due to the prior importance of education in her mind, since obviously women were far from ready for freedom. She expressed herself firmly, however:

> In reflecting on political subjects, my thoughts are apt to take this direction: the only natural government on earth is that of the family—the only natural sovereign, the husband and father. Other just governments are these sovereigns confederated.

She declared that these sovereigns would consider women's interference officious and would say: "The studies which you pursue have inflated and bewildered you; you are the worse for your knowledge; return to your ignorance." And, again true to her period, during her long-dreamed of trip abroad (which years of steady work and grief over her husband's death made a needed vacation as well as a source of further stimulus and study) she found Paris most troubling to the modest eye. The statues were all so unclothed that she preferred her students to remain in America "where the eye of modesty is not publicly affronted and where virgin delicacy can walk abroad without a blush." And at the Louvre and Versailles her attitude was one of stoically persisting in the search for beauty though her womanhood seemed to be shocked more often than her soul was uplifted. She blamed all this, however, upon incidental depravity, and never wavered in her belief in the profoundly beneficial ultimate effects of properly conducted education,—also in its not unfeminizing results. An English traveler said to her: "Madam, you are making a grand experiment here; we have nothing to compare with it on our side of the water; but I fear you are educating girls too highly, and that they will not be willing to marry." She asserted: "But I have never experienced any difficulty of this sort. The young men sought them so resolutely for wives that I could not keep them for teachers." What a familiar sound echoes from this little new-old controversy!

She insisted upon a variety and breadth in the curriculum contrary to all ideas of propriety;—for example, the inclusion of higher mathematics and of physiology, the later calling forth especially loud protests from decorous critics. The system of oral examinations which she evolved and which she conducted in the presence of many prominent invited visitors, might well strike terror to any student's soul. Most discerning and up-to-date is her reason offered for the importance of teaching mathematics:

> She believed that woman's daily duties tended to make her look at everything from a personal angle. . . . Mathematics would train her to think for herself in an orderly way, would help her impersonalize her problems and solve them on the basis of abstract truth.

Her interests in women's special functions, also, are very well balanced, for in the notes to a translation of a French book on education she gives most intelligent hints to potential young mothers (twentieth century child-training, indeed), and, on the other hand, she recommends to her own students if possible not to give up everything later on for the routine work of home-making. Thus she writes to her niece: "I hope you will not drop your pen, and shut up your piano, and make your education of no avail, because you have a child. A little extra resolution is needed to find or make time, but that is all that is necessary." . . . As to this last admonition, the young mothers of to-day have outstripped even Emma Willard's modernity!

It will be seen that Miss Lutz has drawn a very living portrait,—one of a brilliant woman, humanly inconsistent, bound to her period and yet constantly standing out from it. In her later years we find her ensconced as a sort of patron of her beloved Seminary, advising and befriending its members and continuing actively her writing upon political and educational subjects and her interests in the varied movements in this growing country. She came to be more concerned with women's rights in modified form, though she was always separated from the feminists. She was involved in much discussion as to the negro problem, and wrote even upon international questions—notably a "Peace Plan," in which "she suggested that the nations of the world form a permanent judicial tribunal to which by mutual consent their disputes be referred. . . . Even in . . . 1864 a woman was looking forward to a league of nations." She applied herself to several new books upon the current history of her country, having long since, in her earlier publications, established her ability and authority in that line; and she now began to receive notice in current books and articles as an educator and author of reputation. Finally it is pleasant to read of her last years:

> She grew more affectionate, gentle, and tolerant . . . and was as cheerful, companionable, and witty now as she had been at forty. Her interest in public affairs never waned, and she read about them and discussed them as she had always done. There was always a new book on her table, and beside it the latest newspapers and magazines.

To achieve this atmosphere in her old age was a final success in a satisfying life of dignity and influence. The reader is grateful to both writer and publisher for an interesting and stimulating piece of work.

Mention should be made of a full index, a list of all Emma Willard's writings, and a general bibliography for those who wish to go further into the history, the biographies, or the social and intellectual conditions of any period of Mrs. Willard's life.

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Holland, with a population about a sixth the size of that of the British Isles, published in 1828, 5,006 new books. The total for 1929 is probably about 5,500, or more than a third of the British. Norway and Sweden have an even finer record. A feature of the Dutch returns is that the translated novels outnumber the home product every year. The respective figures for 1928 were 347 and 317; for 1924 they were 379 and 285. According to the *Publishers' Circular* there were 8,927 new books, 473 translations, 947 pamphlets, and 3,739 new editions published in Great Britain in 1929. Excluding the pamphlets the total is practically the same as in 1928, which was a record year.

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# A Trio of Short Stories

JOINING CHARLES. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. New York: The Dial Press. 1929. $2.50.

BABES IN THE WOOD. By MICHAEL ARLEN. Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.

THE ROMANTICS. By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

NOVELISTS will write short stories. No matter how much readers may resent finding a book by a favorite author splintered into separate stories, the authors go right on doing it. Here we have three novelists busy at this task, and it is interesting, if dangerous, to speculate as to the motives which led to the shorter form in each case. One suspects in the instance of Michael Arlen that it may have been, at least in part, expediency. Magazines are always eager for short stories from his pen, and stories of the type in "Babes in the Wood" can surely be dashed off almost in a moment by Mr. Arlen. And, after journal publication, why not preserve them in book form? With Mary Roberts Rinehart, it is clear that she is greatly attracted by "little dramas" of ordinary life, too slight to bear the weight of the novel and too interesting to let escape unrecorded. But Elizabeth Bowen seems to approach the short story form more urgently. One feels that she is drawn to it by the possibility of extracting from its brevity the last drops of drama and succinctness. Where the other two seem to be building up their material into short stories, the author of "The Hotel" and "The Last September" gives the impression of cutting the material away, and cutting it away, until only the final essential core is left, and that is her short story.

Or perhaps this statement must be modified to apply only to the best of the Bowen short stories, for in the volume "Joining Charles" there are several which fail of the rigid artistic economy which so distinguishes the better others. Much preoccupation with ultimate detail, and the ruthless discarding of all embellishment, have come inescapably to suggest Katherine Mansfield. And some of the present stories do remind one of the encircling and isolated perfection of "The Garden Party" and those other brief, bright transcripts from life. Elizabeth Bowen has already showed in her novels her ability to give the subtleties of complex psychological situations without recourse to psychological descriptions. She tells, with unerring instinct for the significant, just what her characters do and say, what they see and hear, and you know beyond all need for telling just what they feel. The approach of a mood in a character can be sensed as the approach of a storm is in summer. There is no necessity for her to explain what the atmosphere in late night and early morning hotel corridors, is, nor to be explicit about the quality of tea-time sunlight in summer Ireland. The reader moving down the corridor will discover for himself, and at the tea even the hostess's vague doubt about the sufficiency of the berries does not disturb the golden clarity of the afternoon.

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"Babes in the Bois" would be a more indicative title for the Arlen volume, because his babes are, as usual, the sophisticates of Europe, and a wood that had not been landscaped by some artist with a *marc deposé* would strike them as being exceedingly bad form. But it does not matter much what Mr. Arlen calls his books or what events he elects to write about. He is read inevitably for himself. He has all the impertinent mannerisms of the moderns for whom a *bon mot* is the final good, but his continuous and often irritating effervescence is shot through every now and again with that sudden oblique perception which gives unforgettably, in a phrase, a person, a place, or a philosophy. And always close under the external Arlenese which he still does very much better than his followers, one is conscious of the ironic eye and the balancing mind. Mr. Arlen's left hand obviously knows what his right hand writes; perhaps it even knows what it could have written. To come down to the specific, "Babes in the Wood" is very casual work and the stories as such reach no high levels, but there are the rapier-thrusts at all the legioned foibles of mankind.

The range in "The Romantics" is wide both in matter and merit. The first story in the collection, "The Old Man Cleans His Revolver," is Mrs. Rinehart at her very best. She has caught equally well the pitiful coquetry and the courage of old age that finds in life, once youth is past, nothing better than the masks of youth. The black velvet ribbon around the sagging throat and the hobbling high heels on tired feet tell as much about the old lady's heart as they do about her appearance. There is a brittle objectivity to the story that heightens its effect and a quicker objectivity than Mrs. Rinehart usually achieves. The other stories are fairly conventional, dealing with dude ranches, adolescent aspirations, and middle-aged flurry at middle-aged love.

# The House of Simler

—— AND COMPANY . By JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE Franco-Prussian war, besides the innumerable more direct ways in which it affected the world, helped to create modern industrial France. A nation previously somewhat backward in manufacturing had, thanks to national thrift and a few inventors, very nearly caught up with the rest of Europe by 1900, and only the double catastrophe of another war and the loss of value in the franc prevented progress in later years. In this revival of trade one of the more important side issues was the repatriation of the large number of Alsacians who had "opted" for France after the war had destroyed their fortunes and changed the nationality of their province. Most of them were highly desirable as industrial workers, being possessed of a shrewd business instinct not always characteristic of the southern Frenchman. Yet the many families of transplanted Alsacians were not welcomed in their new homes, nor greatly encouraged by an unstable government.

The struggle of one of these families, Jewish into the bargain, forms the subject of M. Bloch's excellent novel, which is at once a study of racial characteristics and of the development of modern industry. It is a book conceived on the old fashioned scale, carried out with a thoroughness unusual in recent Gallic novels and more reminiscent of the Balzacian period. The Simlers are unashamedly Semitic and unremittingly in search of ways to make money. The small French city of Vendeuvre not merely refuses to accept them but makes a kind of community joke out of them and the tumbledown old factory which they have bought. Life is not at first easy for M. Hippolyte Simler, cloth-weaver, formerly of Buschendorf, Haut-Rhin, nor for his clan, but after the usual tale of narrow escapes from disaster they are to be found in 1880 emerging from the debris of other people's bankrupt mills with a fortune and the respect of most of the inhabitants of Vendeuvre.

Meanwhile, however, they have created a machine too strong for them. The era of strikes and American competition is at hand and one perceives that the Simlers, like the non-Jewish families before them, will eventually give way to a mere anonymous "—— and Company" created by themselves. Already the effect has been felt by Joseph Simler, who has been attracted to the charming daughter of a retired Christian gentleman of the town, and has realized that there is a life outside the Simler works. In his case the desire to escape has been thwarted by concerted action on the part of his tribe. In an episode of considerable poignancy he gives up his "goy" friends to marry a cousin who will strengthen the firm's resources with her *dot*. But his child will break away, or the child of his child.

It is a story that has been enacted in inumerable cases in any place where men have created that mysterious thing, a "business," but it has seldom been more expertly told than by M. Bloch, who is not perhaps one of the most original or important talents of his generation, and yet by reason of his strength and sanity of outlook will be understood and welcomed beyond most of his contemporaries. His book has all the excellences of manner and method as well as a firmly conducted narrative and in addition the great advantage of a translation by that devoted laborer in the cause of French letters, Mr. C. K. Scott-Moncrieff.

"Cross words are not more popular today than were anagrams in the days of Elizabeth and her successors, the Stuarts," says *John o'London's Weekly*. "So much indeed was this species of literary trifling in vogue at that period that the learned Camden did not disdain to compose an essay on the subject in which he laid down the laws to be followed in composing them."

# Battling Tides

THE LOVE OF JEANNE NEY. By ILYA EHRENBOURG. New York; Doubleday Doran. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

ILYA EHRENBOURG, so the publishers tell us, is a youngish Russian Jew, who has been mixed up with prisons, revolutions, strikes, hunger, tramps across Europe, and goodness knows what, and now, when not in Moscow, sits writing in front of his favorite Paris café.

A Paris sidewalk café strikes us as a pretty uncomfortable place in which to write a novel of nearly four hundred printed pages, but let the pretty picture pass. At any rate, Ehrenbourg is a certain sort of person. Not the sort of novelist, for instance, who comes to America to drum up trade, to explain to delighted club ladies all about his creative instinct, and have Gene Tunney come to help him autograph books in that charming little bit of business that comes when the lecture is over. Quite different.

If you want to see the "creative instinct" really working, instead of merely hearing that there is such a thing, you have but to dip into this story of Jeanne Ney almost anywhere, but say, for example, here at the beginning, in chapter called "Sometimes Winter—Sometimes Spring."

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On Page 7, you have never even heard of Jeanne Ney—that poor little French girl out of the Golden Library for happy and obedient children, flung by fate into this land of fur caps and wretched huts. And at Page 16 you know all about Jeanne Ney and her father—who sat sipping his Bordeaux and reading every evening, with the same emotion, the leaders of the *Journal des Débats*, which were all exactly alike—and about Andrew, the student Jeanne had met in the country that last summer before the Revolution. Andrew and Jeanne have met again, these two young people whom you never heard of until a sentence or two back and now know so well. And although Andrew is now a Communist (not a perfect Marxist, in some respects, for "he was one of those men who are like flags or guns, and you can not go on firing a gun or waving a flag indefinitely") although life with Andrew wouldn't be at all like that of the dear little thin books in their yellow bindings—"what about Papa, and Loirette, the town where she was born, where you washed down hot chestnuts with the murky wine of the countryside, where they played tric-trac, and where, if the little books in yellow bindings told the truth, people loved each other quietly, simply, gayly: a kiss—and he is your husband, and there is peace. . . . Andrew? . . .

Andrew was quite different, and yet, all at once, they were in love, and this love was something quite unusual and would last forever, and they believed it, and you believe it, and all between Page 7 and Page 161.

Ehrenbourg isn't painfully copying life as a child copies a picture of a duck on a plate of ground glass put over it. He makes his own life, as he goes along. He splashes in tenderness, horror, wit, sentiment, ironic humor; sprinkles murder with the scent of mimosa, lilies of the valley with blood. He can be whimsical and gentle, sadistic and hideous—his villain, Halibieff, for instance, who runs through the whole story right down to the last page, is pure Grande Guignol. The story is told against a background of Soviet Russia and of Paris, but both are taken for granted, and nothing used or said unless it contributes to the story itself.

The idyll of Jeanne and Andrew is the continuing thread, the triumphant overtone. Malice and bestiality beat against it. The two are separated, flung down for the moment, by life, by ironic chance, by what you will, but always to emerge and reunite, even though it be the other side of death.

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It is difficult to give, in a word, much notion of a talent so vivid and versatile, so fluid and flame-like; of a writer who can be as concrete and even topical as you please, and in his style is always simple and restrained, and yet so completely makes his own world. The fact that Ehrenbourg is a Russian Jew, and has been boiled about in the whirlwind of the Revolution and flung out on dry land in Paris, in a double sense a man without a country, and the usual limiting and inhibiting roots, may have something to do with it. The artistic result, in any case, is of unusual quality and unusual interest.

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# The Bowling Green

## The Folder

ONE of those thrills of reality that sting the nerves of truth was felt in reading a fine editorial in the New York Times of January 4. It began:—

Neglected in the press of louder names, poor save in friends, after much suffering, George Edward Woodberry is dead at Beverly, his birthplace.

One of his close friends and pupils has already paid fine tribute to Woodberry in this review. Those who never met him knew of him chiefly by the extraordinary irradiation of influence that he quietly exerted on his students—such men as the late Russell Loines, for instance. I have an impulse to reprint here two sonnets from his *Ideal Passion*, printed for the Woodberry Society in 1917. In Woodberry's honorable sonnets the hungry reader was sometimes troubled by that insistence on ideality. Was the passion of which he wrote so beautifully purely cerebral and mystical, or may the lover read into it some of the human blood and physique he needs? One does not suggest such a question in any literal sense, but it is perhaps important to the thoughtful reader. Woodberry preferred to hypostatize (so I think theologians call it) the sources of his ecstasy; this was evidently a profound instinct in him; but it must account for the fact that his finest work is unlikely to reach more than a few.

But no one who is sensitive to the finer dignities of verse is likely to be unmoved. I reprint here sonnets xxv and xlii from *Ideal Passion*:—

I never muse upon my lady's grace,
  Nor dream upon her bounty, what may be
Largess or guerdon at the last to me,
  Who serve far-off and in a lowly place.
I was not fashioned of the suitor-race
  Who give their labor and their hearts for fee;
  No recompense of my fidelity
I meditate,—not even to see her face.

Only always invisible tenderness,
  Hanging about me like a spiritual cloud,
Holds me obscure, and undivulged doth bless
  My soul, and in this world doth strangely shroud:
Whereof the meaning I but faintly guess,
  Save that it keeps me private in life's crowd.

Farewell, my Muse! for, lo, there is no end
  Of singing of the winged and soaring choir,
  Whose flights mount up, and, circling high and higher,
My heavenly salutations to her send.
I found her upon earth my only friend;
  She fed my boyhood with thy holy fire;
  She drew my manhood from the world's desire.
Oh, unto my frail state may she yet lend
Her strength, stay my faint heart, and still console
  A little longer; with a poor man's bread
Succor my poverty; and pay my toll
  To Charon, when to Lethe I am led,
And ever round her shine the aureole
  Of my sad verses, after I am dead.

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It was delightful to hear again from our old friend Fred Eckersberg, the engineer of Independence Hall. In the old Philadelphia newspaper days we always used to visit Fred in his basement when copy was scarce and write something about Martha, the Independence Hall cat. Fred deplores that no later Philadelphia reporters have continued this custom. The War was Big Doings around Independence Hall, and I fear Fred finds peace rather dull.

One of Fred's annual excitements is to help ring in the New Year on the State House bell. I remember his agitation about how to ring in 1920. "I can ring one, then nine, then two," he remarked; "but how can I manage that zero?" His light-minded friends tried to persuade him to ring the whole one thousand nine hundred and twenty times, but he compromised on a one, a nine, and a twenty.

Fred writes:—

Phila., Dec. 21, 1929.

I am still at Independence Hall. It has been ten years since you gave me advice about ringing the Old year out and the new year in, the old man and his wife from south Phila who came every year are missing and the crowds of younger people go up to the city Hall for the Mayor's reception, but the Bell will be tolled.

We have a cat they call him Mickey, he has kept the mice away for three years, and there are no more kittens. A good honest cat, but not one line about him in the papers.

There are many new faces in the Hall and things are going along all right, but the war is over and the big times are small times now.

FRED ECKERSBERG,
Engineer Independence Hall.

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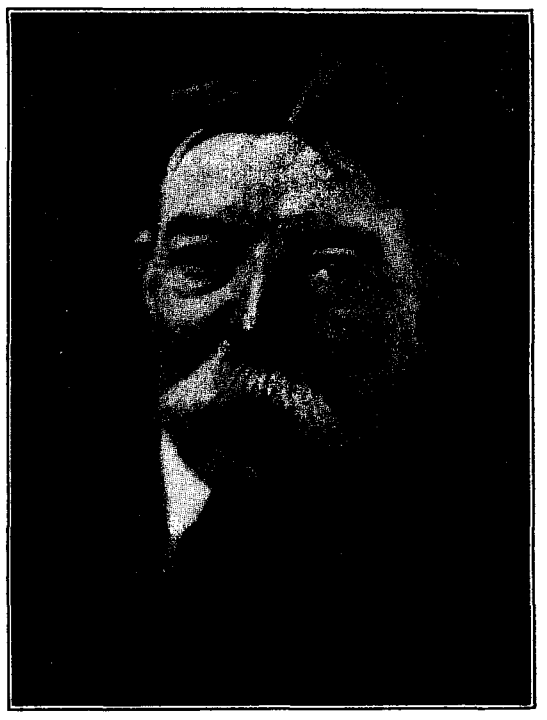
We should be unworthy of our select patronage if we did not pass on to them the greetings of Berry Brothers & Co. (By Appointment to H. M. the King), lately received from their 17th century cellars at 3, St. James's Street, London, S. W. 1.

The occasional letters of Berry Brothers (written we hope and believe by that student and deipnosophist Mr. Francis Berry) are always most agreeable little essays and inquirendoes upon the delicate flavors of life. We like them:—

Two years have elapsed since we last addressed ourselves to our old customers and friends on the other side of the Atlantic.

Those two years, 1928 and 1929, have been important ones in the History of Viticulture of Europe for they have given us Vintages of exceptional quality and, in most centres of Wine Production, of abundant quantity.

The outlook, therefore, for Wine Lovers is much improved and there is genuine occasion for rejoicing and gratitude.



GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

1928 Vintage promises to be famous for Champagne, Red Bordeaux, Red and White Burgundy; while 1929 will be more outstanding for its White Wines, especially of Champagne (here possibly the best and most abundant Vintage of this Century), of Bordeaux and of the Rhine and Moselle. Very fine Red and White Burgundy (including Chablis) also was made this year. The reports from Spain and Portugal are not so encouraging, although good quality is hoped for in the small vintage of 1929 Port and Sherry.

What prospect surviving Wine Lovers in the U. S. A. have of participating in these gifts of nature we dare not hazard an opinion, but as several years must elapse whilst the finer qualities of 1928 and 1929 are maturing we can but hope that counsels of moderation and true temperance will prevail in the meantime and that we may be privileged once again to trade direct with you.

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Shyest and often most rewarding of essayists are those who write the little prefaces of booksellers' catalogues. Here is an extract from the Winter catalogue of the Argosy Book Store, in Bible House (45 Fourth Avenue, New York.) Who would not wish to make salute to so charming a Sinjun on his Patmos of anonymity. We gather that he hails from Brandywine, Ohio, and now lives in Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. Certainly he is one of those of whom the Home Title Insurance Company said in its recent almanac, "Brooklyn is expected in the 1930 census to reveal a population of 2,500,000 souls—or at least a large part of them are suspected of having souls."

We quote from our Argosy essayist:—

Where we come from, it begins to snow a week before Christmas. Ever so imperceptibly signalized by the Japanese pattern of a few idle flakes across the window, it becomes, by nightfall, a spaceless and giant gale that flickers and howls and slashes the darkness into a monument of tenantless fury. By the close of day, all cognizance that one has ever had of the familiar traces of streets, paths, trees, hills, fences, fields and roads—anything and everything contributory to the actuality of life around us is lost, while softly, persistently, and unevasively, the obliteration proceeds.

Be comforted—there are still books. Not Whittier's "Snow-Bound":

A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm;

not the Pearys and Shackletons; works on the almighty Gothic Cathedrals of the gray North; the modern New England Poets, as strictly and sternly disciplined as the arid earth that yields them their slender, poetic foison—ah, no! not these. But books on Italy, Greece, Provence, the Mediterranean, the Carribs, the South Seas—a jewelled civilization of light, heat, radiance, perfume, and green vegetation, where

For hours and hours,
  On the still deep,
Comes the odor of flowers,
  Comes the color of sleep.

And nothing else. It is there that one would mostly care to turn to.

Certain books fill this desire, and certainly this need—such as the "South Wind" of Norman Douglas. . . .

In Brandywine, Ohio, Bill Sommers takes his yellow lantern and stumbles in a drift knee-deep, from the studio to his house; the valley of the Brandywine is white, white with a screen of perpetually falling snow; his waterfall, heard like a murmur by day and by night in the early Spring, is long since silent. Greetings, old friend! In the city, our former literary partner and favorite raconteur, Don B., reaches for a volume from his shelves (we guess it to be by Thomas Hardy) and cogitates another dangerous acquisition to his really fine library. His apartment is warm and exceedingly quiet. Our own candle is lit, away up on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. The line of buildings over in New York is like a shimmer of gems. . . .

Somewhere in New Jersey there is a faithful reader of the *Christian Science Monitor*, for about once a week I find a copy of that justly admired paper dropped in the Hudson Tube train. I always pick it up and engage my fifteen minutes ride by a study of that extraordinary international collection of classified ads. Among the pleasant randoms which make life interesting and promote a sense of world-wide citizenship I know of nothing more agreeable than the Monitor's ecumenical advertising. After the parochial limitation of even our greatest metropolitan papers how stimulating it is to let the eye travel over that miscellany of modest little "insertions" ranging from steam laundries in Florida to country sausage in Berlin. Innumerable possibilities are presented to the roving mind. Here is Mr. Hooper of 242 Fitzgerald Avenue, Christchurch, New Zealand, offering to teach you Elocution, Dramatic Art, and Ballroom Dancing. Here is Furchgott's, "Where Jacksonville Does His Christmas Shopping." Mae Watson of Miami "Uses rain water exclusively for shampooing, eliminating use of lemon or vinegar rinse." At 902 Fox Building, Philadelphia, a young Radio Announcer desires position. At the corner of Main and Wildolive streets, Daytona, Florida, is the Smart Sisters Coffee Shoppe. In Reading, Pa., "The Famous Crystal Restaurant —18 years on the Square—Home is the only Competitor." Then, ranging farther afield one imagines oneself at the Pension Glaser, kept by Frau Wilhelm, 24 Gervinus Strasse, Berlin. "Rooms plain and elegant." Or in Stockholm buying books from the Biblioteksbokhandelin; or the Rolly-Polly Tea Room (19, rue Alphonse-Karr) will put up a lunch box for you in Nice. At St. Leonard's-on-Sea two ladies receive children in their own home, 2 The Green. If it's General Drapery you want what's the matter with Francis H. Giles, The Bright Store, 17 Sydney Road, Manly, Australia? (Manly seems to be a suburb of Sydney?) But if it's Miscellaneous Music Printing you slip a few columns to the Northeast and visit Ivarson's Tryckeri, Norrbackagatan 3, Stockholm.

It's one of the pleasantest exercises I know, and leaves you feeling a little better member of the League of Nations. I would be willing to wager, also, that those ads bring surprising "contacts."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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"In the days of the Cæsars," says *John o'London's Weekly*, "there were publishing houses in Rome which almost rivalled the great firms of these days, not only in the extent of their output, but also in the cheapness of their productions.

"Martial, Ovid, and Propertius themselves speak of their works as being known 'all over the world,' and this was no idle boasting.

" '*Meque sinus omnis, me manus omnis habet.*'

" 'Everyone has me in his pocket, everyone has me in his hands,' says Martial.

"Free libraries were common and public recitations were immensely popular. The people flocked to the baths and other public places, which were seldom without some impromptu reading.

"Every house had a library; which is far from the fact in these days. In almost every household there were slaves whose duties were looking after the books, making transcriptions and reading aloud.

"In circumstances such as these, books must have been abundant, otherwise they would have been dear, and the evidence points to their cheapness."

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# BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

## Love and Marriage

MARRIAGE AND MORALS. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. 1929. New York: Horace Liveright. $3.

LET'S BE NORMAL! The Psychologist Comes to His Senses. By FRITZ KÜNKEL, M.D. Translated by ELEANORE JENSEN. New York: Ives Washburn. 1929. $3.

WOMAN AND SOCIETY. By MEYRICK BOOTH. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1929. $3.50.

THE MALE APPROACH. By HEINRICH F. WOLF, M.D. New York: Covici-Friede. 1929. $3.50.

THE GIRLS MEN MARRY. By JANE JOHNS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1929.

Reviewed by FRANCES WILLIAMS BINKLEY

IF nullification of our inherited conventions of love and marriage calls for a new ethic, Bertrand Russell is at hand to formulate it. He brings clarity, calmness, and an orderly flow of thought to a discussion where these qualities are all too often lacking. In the current literature of marriage reform, where schools are dividing and subdividing like the socialists of the 1840's, Russell presents the proposals of a liberal group which tries to reconcile the desire for freedom in love with the more onerous duties of marriage.

Russell's position is not on the extreme left. He does not insist on abandoning the family, perilous though its place may seem in society today. Marriage has its use in his system, not as a social means for controlling love affairs, but as an agency for bringing up children. This emphasis on biologic purpose makes fidelity a matter of little moment, for the married pair may make sure of the paternity of offspring, not by fidelity but by using contraceptives in their non-marital liaisons. The discipline of marriage is to be directed, not toward controlling vagrant romantic fancies, but toward restricting jealousy. Russell goes beyond companionate marriage as suggested by Lindsey, in claiming complete freedom for love relationships that do not involve children. He deplores the "American system" of frequent divoree, because when children form part of a family their need for a stable relationship with father and mother in his mind takes precedence over the romantic emotions of the parents.

This marriage form is institutional, a device of society for replenishing the population. It provides a good means of caring for the young, and may save the parents from a trivial way of life. It will work best when those who participate in it are patient and loyal, free from jealousy, and affectionate to their offspring. Romantic love, which the author holds in high reverence, like a Minnesinger of old, has no part in it. It is to be a matter of purely individual concern, and aside from the provision that it is to be free from all conventional restraint, no ethical rules are suggested for its practice. Whereas Walter Lippmann insists that love and the vocation of home-building must be united, Russell separates the two in a new morality that for its realization awaits only the liberation of the spirit and the perfection of birth control.

Künkel in picturing human character from the point of view of individual psychology is on Lippmann's side, rather than on Russell's, for he believes that this divorce between the art of love and the general business of living is impracticable. His book is a minor "Anatomy of Melancholy" in which it appears that all difficulties of personality,—discouragement, hate, fear, and despair—hinge on the pervasive defect of egocentricity. Harmony is to be achieved only after a series of struggles in which the inferiority feeling forces the individual, through suffering, to abandon egocentric attitudes. His marriage philosophy may be stated in the succinct phrase of Burton himself: "He that will avoid trouble must avoid the world." We must not expect to find marriage an oasis of tranquillity. Marriage is but a part of the road that leads to the harmony of mature character. As far as the individual is concerned, that marriage where each partner is free to engage in other love relationships solves no problem. External crises are avoided but the crisis of personality continues. Consecutive love affairs lead to the same catastrophe of egocentricity. "Flight is the last weapon of the discouraged." Successful love requires that each partner subordinate himself to the formation of a new subject, a "we." Opposed to Russell's emphasis on mutual liberty, Künkel's position is expressed in his vague but striking metaphor:

> If a man and a woman were the two hands of a superhuman being, and if this being were to fold his hands, that would be marriage. This being constantly tries to fold his hands, but we stop him because we want to be the superhuman being ourselves. And that is why marriage today is what it is: the constantly repeated attempt of that being to fold his hands.

While Russell seeks to construct a revised ethical code, Meyrick Booth speaks for the panicky conservatives who demand social changes that will safeguard the old morality. Where Künkel outlines a science of human nature that might serve as a basis for a moral code or a social philosophy, Booth reverts to well-worn arguments on the difference between the nature of man and the nature of woman, and arrives at the ancient conclusion as to the location of woman's sphere. He sings the home as Russell sings freedom to love.

"Positive feminism" is Booth's remedy for unemployment, moral laxity, and the attendant evils of the machine age. Women must retire from competition with men, develop their inborn faculties, dignify home tasks, bear many children. His concepts belong to the romantic tradition. It distresses him that now-a-days girls are praised for "manly" qualities such as vigor, frankness, and good sense, instead of the womanly virtues of grace, tact, and intuition. He is confused by change, like the child who demands that the fairy story be repeated each time exactly as it was told before. Women are Dionysian, elemental and nature-rooted, and we are obviously in a bad way when they speak flippantly of the maternal instinct, hold jobs, plays tennis, and practice birth control.

Unfortunate as this state of affairs may appear, there is a certain comfort to be found in books like "The Girls Men Marry" and "The Male Approach" which take the world as they find it. Jane Johns assumes that girls want husbands, and offers a handbook of advice, saved from being cheaply inspirational by its genuine commonsense. She implies the existence of girls who are not "following masculine ideals" or making "gestures of freedom," but just trying to get along. Elderly criticism she puts neatly to one side.

> Another type of unsuccessful girl is one who takes the advice of older people when she ought to be following the ways of her own generation. Older people are right about the fundamentals of life, for truth, sincerity, etc., never change . . . But older people will not give correct advice on the manners, ways of approach, etc., of this generation.

The book is a popular version of individual psychology and the "characterology" of Künkel applied to practical affairs.

These girls in search of love and marriage are taught to arm themselves against spurious wooing by Wolf's book in which he sets himself to make a systematic study and analysis of the methods men use in seducing women. After a discussion of "Free-booting," "Deception," "Sentimentality," "Mock Love," and the technique of "The Break," he reaches the conclusion that "freedom to love," is very likely to serve as "a catchword behind which ugliness, dishonesty, and hypocrisy lurk." Yet he agrees with Russell that new ways bring new morals, and makes the restrictive "positive feminism" of Booth fit the modern scene.

> When we shall have all women independent in their work, therefore independent in their income, making independent choice of their mates, irrespective of all other factors except love, we shall have to have a corresponding change in men. . . The mother right that existed in primitive times and was superseded by patriarchy will, in finer form, return again as the sign of a more elevated culture.

Meanwhile he warns against libertinism hiding behind a humanitarian doctrine.

As we grope toward the new ethic, both Russell and the disciples of Adlerian psychology give us welcome light. Russell illuminates the way we have come, Künkel guides us on the way we have yet to go. Russell approaches the problem of marriage from the standpoint of institutional history, pointing out the faults and inconsistencies in the institution as we find it, and dissolving away all its reasons for existence save the biological one. Künkel and Wolf start from the mystery of personality and personal responsibility, and ask what there is in marriage or in love that makes them valuable to the individual. Marriage as Russell would have it serves a social purpose, and leaves the liberated love affair to supply to a life those personal values which romantics of the past generation sought in marriage. By isolating the problem of marriage and morals he poses the problem of morals and love in an even more compelling form.

Yet Russell concedes that the most worthwhile marriage is matrixed in love. Probably most factions would agree with him that

> The essence of a good marriage is respect for each other's personality combined with that deep intimacy, physical, mental, and spiritual, which makes a serious love between man and woman the most fructifying of all human experiences.

Then if it appears, from the psychological point of view, that the most satisfying love affair is bound up with biological functions, permanent and exclusive, we are back where we started with the ideal of a permanent union between a man and woman who love each other. Here the debate must continue —to what extent must the personal experience of love coincide with the social institution of marriage. It is not unreasonable to suggest that neither ideal can be attained without breaking down the repressive conventions now surrounding marriage, making fidelity itself more free.

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## Mexican Frescoes

THE FRESCOES OF DIEGO RIVERA. With an introduction by ERNESTINE EVANS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929.

Reviewed by WINSLOW AMES

TWO years ago comment was aroused by Diego Rivera's sarcastic portraits of United States billionaires dining on gold pieces and ticker-tape. At that time, although the artist's power was recognized, his work was not sufficiently known in this country: the selection for publication outside of Mexico of some of his most bitter pieces of propaganda put him in not quite the proper light.

Here are seventy reproductions of the frescoes at Mexico City and Chapingo which are Rivera's plea for his people, his picture of the life and death, oppressions and joys, work and *fiestas*, of the peon. Those who will analyze may see reminiscences of Breugel, Goya, Renoir, Cézanne, and Picasso, whose influence Rivera felt in the long years of his search for an individual means of expression. But most readers will turn over again and again the pages of frescoes and the dozen drawings and portraits at the end. Almost all belong to the period since the artist's discovery of Giotto and his conclusion that fresco work, inseparable from architecture, is "the high estate of painting"; many reveal the cubistic basis of his compositions. In spite of the ardor of Rivera's epic of the soil, his song of the revolution, there are in his recent work a peace, a breadth, and a finality which are the results of his simplifications and his sincerity.

It is regrettable that all the reproductions are not as good as the best ones, and that there is not at least one colored plate, for the book is otherwise well-made. Miss Evans's foreword includes a sympathetic account of her friend's artistic training, his revolutionary activities, and his coming-of-age as a painter who speaks a new language. As the proponent of a political creed he is no less effective than as a creator of magnificent illustration and decoration; he deserves to be remembered long after—to take the names of some other Latins—Zuloaga or Covarrubias.

## Serb Legends

KING'S PLEASURE. By IDA ZEITLIN. With illustrations by THEODORE NADEJEN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT

SERBIA, Belgrade, Jugo-Slavia, connote only the World War and Balkan politics to most Americans. But in "King's Pleasure" one may discover the soul and mind in the raw of present-day Serbs. It is Chedo Miyatovich of Belgrade who says that the Serb national psychology is best approached through heroic tradition. And Serbia is rich in ballads and legends, heroic, tender, or raging.

In "King's Pleasure," Ida Zeitlin has fused ancient Serb historic and mystic legends with traditions into a Chronicle. It is composed in rhythmic yet compact prose, that moves with strength and with vivid and often beautiful descriptions; "a naïve blend of fact and fancy," which the author claims reflects the Serb more truly than does any other method. Mr. Nadejen, the illustrator, has gathered some of the material from monasteries in Serbia, and has modeled his pictures upon early Serb art.

"War is the King's Pleasure!" The Serb is largely Southern Slav, and his pleasure from the beginning has been war. "The history of all the Southern Slavs," writes the authority, Woislav Petrovitch, "pictures a series of violations, depositions, political upheavals, achieved sometimes by the most cruel means and acts of treachery . . . all mainly due to jealousy and an inordinate desire for power." And this description well characterizes "King's Pleasure." In it the Serb of barbarous days is shown, his Slav temperament subdued and colored by Byzantine influences, his paganism gentled by the Christian Faith of the Orthodox Greek Catholic Church with its exotic ritual and childlike straightness.

But in spite of the heroic interest of this chronicle, it is fit for mature readers only, and some will resent having forced upon them certain ugly passages, smudge marks on a fine fabric. These passages, on being compared with three authoritative volumes by other authors, translations of similar Serb traditions and legends, were not to be found in any of the three volumes. The author of "King's Pleasure" was surely short-sighted when, in planning for the life of her book, she included matter repellent to the wholesome American tradition. It is youth that keeps alive heroic and romantic chronicles. Such books containing indecencies glamorously depicted fall in time to the discard. And surely Ida Zeitlin's prose should live!

However, "King's Pleasure" has a fierce beauty; it is a mosaic of human passions; relating episode after episode, tale after tale, tracing the racial life of the Serb from his coming into the Balkans, about 610 A.D. and from the ninth century, when Mihailo, the Czar of the Greeks, feasted in his gleaming marble palace. It tells of battling heroes, of wars with Bulgar, Byzantine Greek, and Turk; of slaughters, murders, assassinations; of the blinding and strangling of prisoners; of craft and scheming ambition; of treacherous prince, queen, and noble; of malicious Veelas the fairy women, and strange demi-gods. And across this heathen riot glide like shades gentle, lovely maidens, loyal friends, high-minded warriors, and wonder-working saints; while monks pray and priests serve at jeweled altars in many-domed churches. And through the chronicle runs a thread of fatalism and a semi-pagan conception of God. This epic panorama ends with the melancholy battle of Kossovo, 1389, when the Turk trampled on the Serb.

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A copy of "Vie de Bohème" has been sold in Paris for $1,500. It contained the signature of its author, Henri Murger. This noted representative of bohemian life was born in March, 1822, in the Rue Saint-Georges, Paris. His parents were janitors of the house where he was born. While they were busy attending to their duties, the baby was cared for by a tenant of the first floor. She was the famed actress known as La Malibran.

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# The Youngest Generation

THERE is a generation, over twenty and under thirty, which hates war not because it fought or was deprived of anything but because it has read "All Quiet on the Western Front." The few exceptions who drove ambulances or even enlisted in the last year of the World War seem only to prove the rule. When the Austrian prince was shot in Serbia, the oldest child of that decade was fifteen and the youngest five. When the treaty was signed at Versailles, the oldest was nineteen, the youngest nine. Rupert Brooke was killed and Siegfried Sassoon embittered, but this youngest generation got scarcely a wound. They knew the aftermath of the War not as the effect of any horror they had experienced but as the echo of a horror which was hearsay. Most of them took for granted a certain post-war cynicism; they accepted uncritically speed, jazz, airplanes, radio, birth control, and Einstein, along with the usual trees, the customary sky, the frequent grass, and the four expected seasons. Innocent of a different régime, it cannot be said that they were struck with wonder or visited by contempt.

For better or for worse, as in marriage, I belong to that generation.

It is a generation sad and knowing, like a child raised among adult ideas. It is a challenged generation, for the world realizes that the great periods of literature have been positive, yea-saying periods but cannot shake off old negations of spirit nor assimilate the bright facts of a new science, apparently, without some one with a fresh viewpoint to show them how.

Eight years ago, five years ago, people said of literature, "This is a transitional period." Now the air is charged with definite accomplishment. The older writers have foreshadowed and the younger writers have all but found a value to believe in, to struggle toward. It is not an obvious value because the things of the spirit are implicit, undying, subtle, and true—not obvious. The War generation was literally forced by abnormal and violent contrasts of experience to search for the spirit as a suffocating man claws for oxygen. The post-war generation, maturing in the midst of dominant materialism, is not forced by events to anything, but searches, nevertheless, because of an imperious need for harmony with what, on the surface, is a hopelessly intricate universe. Ours is a less desperate, a less fiercely personal, search than that of the dismayed war-generation, but for that very reason it may yield richer results. At any rate with persistence we will learn to rephrase reality in terms which better suit our individual generation. And because we are challenged on all sides and in every respect, if we achieve a positive philosophy or literature, it will be real, intellectually expansive, simple as sky and inalienably ours.

What do we search for? And where?

We search for an expression of reality which will exactly correspond with our sense of reality. We search narrowly among our elders, for they are our literary parents; and widely among the great writers of all times for they are potential friends and possible teachers. And we diligently search our own souls that we may obey Socrates and know ourselves; that we may follow Shakespeare and to our own selves be true.

We cannot say that all that we are or ever hope to be we owe to our elders. No doubt we inherit much, but our temper and tempo are not the same. H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, Stuart P. Sherman, Carl Sandburg —these were held up to us. Now their power and influence are passing. Of those named Stuart P. Sherman probably had most in common with the generation he taught, and he is dead. But others among our immediate predecessors speak to us eloquently and with some authority: among the poets, E. A. Robinson who cuts through the problem to the white kernel; Elinor Wylie whose shining style, like her shining head, was never lowered; Robinson Jeffers in whose breast is a consuming fire and a fatal whirlwind; Edna Millay so heartbreakingly young that time cannot make the words musty; Siegfried Sassoon with his dear-bought and sometimes sardonic mastery of the emotional moment; Ralph Hodgson, as pure a poet as any alive in England; William Butler Yeats of the symbolizing Celtic imagination; and E. A. Housman, delicately grieving. Preëminent among the biographers is Lytton Strachey, brilliant organizer of diverse material. Among the critics are Mary Colum, as keen a thinker as America (or Ireland) has produced; Lewis Mumford who knows the good from the bad by a strict inner criterion; and Stark Young who says important things in a quiet voice. Among the novelists are George Moore who might have written in a medieval cloister; Ellen Glasgow, ironically witty and disciplined; Edith Wharton whose "Ethan Frome" portrays two caught human beings *sub specie aeternitatis;* D. H. Lawrence who admits again and again that all the emotions are not above the waist; W. H. Hudson whose "Green Mansions" cannot be forgotten because his love was without "dissimulation and without guile"; Marcel Proust, sensitive as a cat and thorough as genius; Ford Madox Ford whose study of Christopher Tietjins put character where it should be, in the front rank of importance; Willa Cather, serene and unhurried as the evening of her Archbishop's life; Virginia Woolf whose refined prose smells somewhat of the lamp; and Hugh Walpole whose "Harmer John" pierces the spirit and then peters out. These older writers painted their picture of reality. It is good, but it does not satisfy the younger writers; they see from a different angle.

Being dissatisfied with their forerunners, these young writers turn eagerly to the powerful past. I have said that the great periods of literature were positive periods. Again I will risk dogmatism and say that all great pieces of literature regardless of time have been simple. I have only to mention the Bible, Homer, Æschylus, Theocritus, "The Song of Roland," Marcus Aurelius, "Le Mort d'Arthur," "Orlando Furioso," Chaucer, Charles de Coster's "Legend of Tyl," the Marchioness de Sévigné's letters to her daughter the Countess de Grignan, "Gulliver's Travels," "Tristram Shandy," "Moby Dick," Blake's poems, "Undine," "Adam Bede," and "Wuthering Heights."

THE young writers of today, like the writers of any given period, divide into two classes: the well-read and the unread or sparsely-read. The well-read, as always, have the advantage because they have the background. But even the well-read are not content with the world of books, the world of ideas. To them ideas are inseparable from acts. Though accused of being the least moral of the American generations since the Puritans, they are in fact as passionately human and moral as the Tolstoy who wrote the inexorable story of Anna Karenina: they demand to know how to live and how not to live, and why; they question every maxim which has been formulated ahead of them, not idly, but in order not to be fooled. They might quote Terence: "*Humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" They practice instinctively what Blake explains philosophically when he says that "innocence," "experience," and "imagination" are only means to the desirable end of forgiving everyone, that is, condemning no one. These younger writers do find every human condition interesting; they hope for Blake's larger, ubiquitous life. When they achieve it as people they can interpret it as artists, not subjectively necessarily, for subjectivism turns in upon the ego and is small, but objectively too, in the way a Russian novel is objective when it meticulously states much, interprets very little, and leaves to the readers the exciting game of discovering and interpreting for themselves. Objectively, as the Germans seldom are, as the logical and mannered French would like to be, as the Scandinavians succeed in being because they are wholesome, absorbed with values, and pleased when they reach rock-bottom. It will not be a verbose objectivity. Pascal begged a friend to forgive the longness of a certain letter because he "did not have time to make it shorter." Carefully chosen, cherished, and pointed details, that is the kind of objectivity which the new writers covet.

In reviewing the far past and the immediate past, this youngest generation have acknowledged influences, established kinships, and had small revelations, but they have not heard any more than an echo of their peculiar spirit. So they search themselves. In themselves is the full answer.

That answer is becoming articulate through the mouths of writers like Elizabeth Madox Roberts, whose "The Time of Man" has truth but little terror, through Julian Green, whose three novels have terror but not much pity, and through Ernest Hemingway, whose "A Farewell to Arms" has pity but practically no hope.

BUT what of young English writers, you say? Helen Beauclerk? Graham Greene? We are concerned here with the American situation, which is influenced, but not profoundly moved, by the situation in England. These young English writers are not forceful enough to strike with the impact of those deathless writers outside of time, and as contemporaries they leave little mark on the Americans because of dissimilar backgrounds. As for American playwrights, there are precious few of them under thirty; most of them, being indecisive, yield little information about the future of writing. And of course the drama is meant primarily for acting.

Only in writers like Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Julian Green, and Ernest Hemingway can we isolate and study some of the tricks and tendencies of the new generation, as the distilled odor of the rose confesses the whole rose.

Miss Roberts's first book was her best. "The Time of Man" tells very simply the story of Ellen Chesser's drudgery, and her dreams, and her love, and her homely anguish in the hills of Tennessee. The story hardens and thaws and bears fruit like the soil, and like Ellen herself. Changes in nature, in weather, in the moods of ignorant people, are matters to make the heart beat fast or slow. Underneath the sometimes sordid events is a spiritual sequence which one recognizes as important beyond all that the world calls important. The style is unpretentious, the conversation faithful to local idiom, the entire performance as genuine, as meek, as substantial, as indigenous to America, as the severest critic could wish.

Julian Green is, at first glance, far removed from Elizabeth Madox Roberts. He has a place in this discussion because, in spite of French training, his blood is American and also because, whatever his citizenship or type of mind, his novels are dynamic enough to influence the youth of every country. In "Avarice House," "The Closed Garden," and "The Dark Journey" he writes powerfully of powerful emotions in little people, and if these emotions are often cruel, sometimes sadistic, and always self-destructive, they are no less simple, positive, and convincing. They impress like hot iron on cringing flesh. Indeed Julian Green succeeds, by ruthless elimination of unessentials and an unerring instinct for the right artistic emphasis, in getting the maximum effect from a given situation. The turn of a hand, the lift of a head, the most trivial word, takes on prodigious weight. Spreading over every scene, however morbid and humorless, is an illusion of grandeur, or is it real grandeur? Erratically Julian Green seems to have rediscovered the secret of genius. His world is not our world. It has less kindness in it, for one thing, and more obsessions. But, for a short space at least, little people are made tremendous by the tremendous passions which inform them, and we like largeness however acquired. It is as if we were all, by descent and potentiality, great beings hungering for a great atmosphere. We read about the singular madness of Adrienne Mesurat or, in another manifestation, of Monsieur Gueret, and while we read we believe.

But Ernest Hemingway in "The Sun Also Rises" and (more especially) in "A Farewell to Arms" bodies forth the spirit of his seeking generation with an accuracy which no other young writer can claim. Unlike Elizabeth Madox Roberts he is of the world worldly (or has been). Unlike Julian Green's characters his characters are silly, clever, informal, and profound; they are kind to one another though their universe is kind to no one; they are gallant; they respect facts and are not afraid. "A Farewell to Arms" is one of the saddest stories ever written because under the spell of this spirit we too come

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# by Virginia Moore

to believe that "nothing ever happens to the brave," and then something does happen. There is no katharsis in the usual Greek sense but at the end we look out across death and suddenly believe that women and men and love are finer than we knew. The relation of Lieutenant Henry and Catherine Barkley vindicates something in ourselves. The verisimilitude of the conversation and the immediacy of the manner make us more than sympathetic; we live with the characters, we become the characters. But it is not to be thought that Ernest Hemingway is a stylist in any superficial way. Like all good writers he is concerned primarily with subject-matter. Style takes care of itself.

I have discussed three novelists as typical of certain new tendencies not arbitrarily but because novel writing allows for poetic and expository as well as narrative talent. This does not mean that America is without promising young poets and essayists. Among the poets are Léonie Adams who inhabits clear upper ether; Stephen Vincent Benét whose mind has a free swinging motion; Archibald MacLeish, nostalgic for particular places and for eternity; George Dillon who should wear a small pale green leaf for a symbol; and Merrill Moore who takes liberties with old forms because he is transcribing the trusted rhythm of a curious and picturesque thought. Among the critics are Allen Tate, Yvor Winters, and Edmund Wilson. They think sturdily for themselves and they are growing. What more can be asked of any young critic? Criticism depends upon wisdom, which depends upon comparison, coördination, and evaluation, which depend upon wide experience. Not long ago someone remarked that there were no wise old men in America—no Anatole Frances, no Thomas Hardys. But I believe there will be.

Because these novelists, these poets, these essayists—these "youngsters"—are trying to get at meanings. They resemble each other like the members of a family, all with hook noses. In spite of minor differences of disposition, of tastes, of capacity, the same blood colors their arteries. It is not correct to say that every writer since the author of "Job" has tried to get at meanings. Every great writer. The less-than-great writers have always been sidetracked by superficial issues. They want to photograph manners like the French; or abandon themselves to sentimentality like the lesser Italians; or concentrate on the commonplace like the author of "Main Street"; or avoid the usual as they would avoid the horned and cloven devil, like some of the wayward "imagists." The latter is a particularly false ideal. We must understand that oddity has no intrinsic virtue. We must recognize the materialism behind much recent writing and insist on something more durable.

FOR materialism contracts everything to the limit of the five senses. It is a slow dying, which the world as reflected in literature seemed for a time to be engaged in. When contraction reaches its extreme point there is a death. Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Julian Green, and Ernest Hemingway are the resurrection. Like Cleopatra when she called for her crown they "have immortal yearnings. But one must dispose of matter as such before or can go on to spirit. That is why Julian Green sees the materialistic system-of-things as sinister. It takes a great love for the good, the true, and the beautiful, to have as consuming a hatred of the opposites as Julian Green, under his cold objectivity, certainly has. Ardently, like his characters, he wishes to escape. But they are small people and do not know how; he is a large person and is beginning to have intimations. Meanwhile he is laying the foundations for that city which lieth foursquare in the heavens in the only way anyone can lay a firm foundation: by being scrupulously honest, simple and direct, and by increasing his power. First the blade, then the stalk, then the full ear of corn. First sheer power, then power adjusted to spiritual need, then peace. Some critics may doubt whether Julian Green will ever use his power more kindly. I think he will. But if he does not he will help others to the second step by showing them the first.

Ernest Hemingway who started with hardness has gone on to benevolence. He is as simple, as honest, as direct as Julian Green; in fact he is so honest that he will not glaze over one unpleasant fact. Pull down the whole rotten hypocritical superstructure, he says; then I can build. He builds on loyalty between human beings, on stubborn courage. He is tender with his characters; before he finishes he is anxious to show them humbly at their best. And always the reader is conscious of his undemonstrative masculine belief in certain values which transcend the five senses. He might shy at the world "spirit." But whatever he calls it, it is the spirit which quickeneth and the spirit which he matter-of-factly seeks: matter alone can never satisfy, whether or not he knows it explicitly enough to say it explicitly.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts knows it. Hers is a more conscious allegiance to "the things which are not seen." She would consider "Babbitt" or even that finely-written factual novel, "The Old Wives' Tale," poor sustenance indeed. With the exception of a few sporadic experiments like that of Viña Delmar, all the young writers are grasping for a thing insubstantial, yet with substance more than heavy gold, not held by solid hands.

When they have learned to "see life steady and see it whole," and to lash raw material into significant form, and unashamedly to trust the fundamental emotions, America will see a true literary renaissance, the chief attributes of which will be simplicity and affirmation—the simplicity of elimination and proper emphasis, the affirmation of the tested and triumphant spirit. This growth cannot be forced. Great people come before great writing, and character is a process. That is why we do not break with the past. We put it behind us and evolve from it. Many inhibitions, including the sexual ones, will be conquered. Nothing will be good or bad because it is sexual, but for other reasons. Anything which is universally emotional will be fit subject for literature. The old disjunctions between the mind and the emotions, between realism and romance, between fact and imagination, have been too sharp. A fusion of every element is a truer account of the human spirit. The business of the new writers will be fusion. They already believe in what might be called the romance of actuality. With new energies they will contrive new combinations. These will be strongly localized since the part must be memorized before the whole can be mastered. In discussing Ernest Hemingway we said that style takes care of itself. We can predict chances of mood and matter. But changes in form cannot be predicted, planned, or solicited. They follow inevitably changes of viewpoint and idea. James Joyce is not an exception.

In "The Flame of Life," by Gabriele d'Anunzio, it is said of La Foscarina that she "could not and would not go on living except on condition of at last finding her harmony." The youngest generation of writers in America, those under thirty years of age, have reached the same conclusion. At the center of their being is a fever to know the truth and set themselves at rights with it. It will require audacity, but they have it. It will require seriousness of purpose and consecration, but they have given themselves. It will require hard work, but they do not ask for an easy time.

*Among the many essays offered in the contest set by* The Saturday Review *for writers of thirty years of age or under this of Virginia Moore's was adjudged by the editors to be an interesting contrast to the "As a Man Thinketh" of Harlan Hatcher published last week. Mr. Hatcher writes from Cincinnati, Miss Moore, whose poetry is well known, from Virginia. The* Review *will publish later other contributions to this vital discussion whose theme is what youth thinks.*

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Against all competition the Bible remains the world's best seller, says Dr. John H. Ritson, who has completed thirty years as secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society which publishes 12,000 Bibles daily. Printed in 623 languages and dialects the society has circulated 237,000,000 Bibles.

## Eminent Victorians

THE BROWNINGS: A VICTORIAN IDYLL. By David Loth. New York: Brentano's. 1929. $3.75.

Reviewed by Samuel Chew

Bryn Mawr College

FOLLOWING hard upon Mr. Burdett's recent biographical study of the Brownings comes Mr. Loth's book, written in somewhat lighter vein, but not unintelligently "modern" nor forcing the note of flippant disrespect for these two eminent Victorians. No more than Mr. Burdett has Mr. Loth anything new to tell us. The love-story and the love-letters, the romantic years in Italy which were a continuation of the love-story, the admiration which each lover had for the other's poetry, the desolation that overtook the husband when his wife died, the virile recovery from that desolation, and the long latter years of widening fame—this is the material from which every biography of the Brownings must be fashioned. But whereas Mr. Burdett was just a little austere, Mr. Loth permits his fancy to decorate the portraits with not unpleasant arabesques of mockery—not mockery of the two poets (for whom he has all proper respect) but of the conventions of which they were the happy and unconscious victims.

Thus, while Mr. Burdett subjects the love-letters to the most painstaking analysis, tracing in them every tiny step from Browning's first communication to the poetess who had honored him by an allusion in her verses to the last letter before the elopment, Mr. Loth, on the other hand, singles out from them the evidence of the squeamishness and prudery of the period. "By modern standards they starved their love cruelly. . . . A kiss was something mentioned in poetry but never attempted in real life." Again, while Mr. Burdett realizes the underlying tragedy of old Mr. Barrett's wrong-headed and cruel mistreatment of his daughter, Mr. Loth not unnaturally sees the crass comedy of the situation. Mr. Burdett missed an opportunity when he omitted all mention of that curious episode in the final phase of Browning's career, the formation and spread of the Browning Societies in England and this country; that comic interlude furnishes Mr. Loth material for some of his liveliest pages; and there is something to be said for his contention that these societies did much harm to the poet's posthumous prestige, by their pedantries and preciosities alienating the regard of young people from a poet who in his own later life time had appealed particularly to the younger generation.

Mr. Loth believes (incorrectly, we think) that this alienation has been so thoroughly accomplished that now Browning is read no longer and even the tradition of his obscurity has become dim. He prophesies that before long the apotheosis will happen: "Some day a bright young man is going to discover Robert Browning." One might be tempted to suspect that the "discovery" has been made, and that Mr. Loth is the "bright young man" in question; but we learn from the publisher's announcement that his mother was "a Browning lecturer" who rehearsed her lectures to her eight-year-old son, "figuring that if I could understand them they would be all right for the women's clubs." If about the year 1907 young David Loth was indeed subjected to such cruel and unusual punishment, we can only remark that, considering the provocation, he has avenged himself but mildly upon Browning Societies, Browning lecturers, and women's clubs; and he has had the good sense to perceive that the poet himself was not to blame for the intellectual antics of his followers.

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Elaborate preparations are being made in the region of Avignon to celebrate this year the centenary of the birth of the French poet, Frederic Mistral. His birthplace, Mas de Juge, is to raise a triumphal arch to him. Mas de Juge boasts the enormous population of ten persons all of whom are more than seventy years old. The young people followed in the footsteps of their illustrious poet and left to seek fame and fortune in Avignon.

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# Books of Special Interest

## "A Force of Nature"

ON BOARD THE *EMMA*. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Translated and with an introduction by R. S. GARNETT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN

WHEN *the elder Dumas visited Marseilles* incognito, a few years after the publication of "The Count of Monte Cristo," he desired to see the dungeons of Dantès and Faria in the Château d'If. In this he merely followed the example of all other tourists, for, as he says complacently, "I had known for some time that Marseilles believed in my romance." The female guide to the dungeons volunteered in fact that she had known Mercédès, who was a relative of hers. And when the unknown visitor inquired about the health of Monte Cristo himself, she referred him to "M. Alexandre Dumas, who was his intimate friend and with whom he still remains in communication."

That is the best thing in the unpublished portion of this journal of Dumas's voyage to Sicily. Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, has been in possession of the complete manuscript, which he translates in the present volume. The most interesting chapters, those describing Dumas's exploits with Garibaldi, appeared long ago in *La Presse* and again in "Les Garibaldiens: Révolution de Sicile et de Naples" (1861). But two large portions, at the beginning and in the center of the book, are new. They relate respectively Dumas's adventures on the *Emma*, the schooner which he fitted out at Marseilles, first before he caught up with Garibaldi and later when he left him to wander about Sicily.

As Michelet said, Dumas was always "one of the forces of Nature," so the first unpublished section is replete with gusto, sudden alarms and retreats, huge bowls of *bouillabaisse*, flagons to match, detailed financial calculations *à la* Balzac, and a perfectly charming visit to Paul de Kock at Nice. What was Dumas doing at Nice? It is hard to say just what he was doing anywhere, since nature is full of surprises. He had bought in Greece a vessel ("yacht" by courtesy), which was stalled in Marseilles by the attentions of several Circumlocution Offices. The *Emma*, English-built, was bought, equipped, and substituted. With a congenial ship's company, including a young lady disguised as a midshipman, Dumas set out on a vast itinerary of the Orient, which had been planned for years. He got as far as Genoa; there the Garibaldi fever seized him; we hear no more of the Orient, and not very much of the midshipman.

Sprightly enough, full of dialogue and even more digressions, the famous Dumas manner can hardly disguise the thinness of this material; we are not surprised that the newspaper editor rejected it. But once we reach Genoa, the tale is very different: it becomes a consecutive, informing, and enthusiastic account of the Garibaldi expedition.

The romancer had already met the patriot in the preceding year and had—he says—helped him with his early Memoir. Now in May, 1860, he finds that the hero has just left Genoa with his Thousand, to win Sicily from the Bourbons for Victor Emmanuel. From Vecchi, one of Garibaldi's closest friends, Dumas learns much about the political difficulties with Cavour, about the recruiting, equipment and embarkment of the Thousand and their dauntless leader.

The novelist sincerely hated tyranny and priestcraft; besides, he had a personal vendetta with the Bourbons. So when Garibaldi telegraphed him, "Ralliez-vous au canon," Dumas cruised on to Sicily. There he found Garibaldi Dictator, Palermo taken, and the streets full of barricades. This reminded the Frenchman of the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, in which he had participated. He was welcomed by the General and his red-shirted acolytes.

Dumas gives a good portrait of the "Colossus," who later strode the Straits and threatened Naples. Since the enemy never knew where his stride would take him, there was much of Cæsar in Garibaldi. He was possessed of a Jovian calm, a Spartan simplicity, and a great nobility of character. He was merciful wherever possible, and took an affectionate care of his officers and men. Just how he controlled these to the point of conquering ten times their number, is beyond Dumas, who anyhow is weak on numbers, dates, and precise facts, as we might expect. But he cites fully certain valuable documents on the campaign. He gives an excellent retrospective account of what he had not seen: Garibaldi's landing in a bombardment, the progress of the recruiting, and the lively skirmish of Calatafimi. He did not think so well of the rural recruits, or *picciotti*, as Garibaldi did. Presently, at the leader's suggestion, he cruised back to Marseilles to get arms and supplies, which he duly delivered.

In the meantime, since there was a lull in the fighting, Dumas had gone on a tour of the island, combining propaganda for the cause with junketing, ovations, and antiquity-hunting. This is the second new portion of the manuscript and is characteristic enough, though not very important. The part dealing with Dumas and the *Emma* in the Bay of Naples (where they were forbidden to appear), is not new but is valuable as describing the state of suspense in the city and in the court of Francis II. As for the "open conspiracy" with Liborio Romano, how Dumas won over this minister to the Garibaldians, and generally how he served as a glorified forerunner to the Dictator—one has many doubts. The story ends with the triumphant entry of Garibaldi, a mutual embrace of the paladins, the conferring upon Dumas of a palace and the Directorship of Fine Arts. Nothing is said of how Garibaldi presently lost interest, of how the fickle Neapolitans turned on the weeping Frenchman and ran him out of their city.

In all this, the romancer naturally glorifies his rôle. It is simple fact that his name is not mentioned in the "Autobiography" of Garibaldi nor in that lyrical account of his expedition called "I Mille." Neither does Dumas appear in the accredited biographies of Garibaldi, such as that by Guerzoni. Incidentally, it seems that Dr. Garnett, the editor and translator, might have checked Dumas by some reference to these Italian works. He cites only G. M. Trevelyan's narratives. Dr. Garnett remains very English, Dumas very French, Garibaldi superbly Italian, with a prophetic distrust of foreigners. Hence certain amusing shocks and subtle dissonances which add to the vibrations excited by this noisy volume.

## Why Live Without Cooks?

THE GOURMET'S ALMANAC. By ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL. New York: Covici-Friede. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by HELEN BUCKLER

THANKS to Mr. MacDougall's wide reading and wider dining, we have here a savory tome redolent alike of glorious gastronomic adventures in the flesh and in the spirit. It is the sort of book that appears all too seldom—rare and succculent recipes culled from far and wide by the possessor of a discriminating palate and charmingly garnished forth with tidbits of song and verse and prose, with spicy proverbs of diverse peoples, with traditions of the feast days, and with quaint and picturesque "receipts" cherished by other gastronomers in centuries past.

Though its author hastens, and only too rightfully, to decry the benighted calory-and-vitamin school, though this is not, as he insists, "just another cookery book," the volume contains between its frivolous orange linen covers more instruction for the happy dining of mankind than ever yet entered into the dull pages of the tome confined in the usual oilcloth.

We hasten to say that the book is not, by any means, a complete compendium of gastronomic history or literature. It is still necessary to go to Ellwanger, to Hackwood, to Soyer. Nor is it a guide to the art of dining—the proper marrying of one dish to another to make the perfect meal. Among moderns, Elizabeth Robins Pennell still remains mistress in the design of exquisite dinners and the creation of original breakfasts, each as much a masterpiece as a Velasquez or a da Vinci.

But in the concoction of the individual dish that can make a man realize just how superior an animal he is, Mr. MacDougall has made a noteworthy and charming contribution. Not one of his recipes but is distinguished, whether it is one he brought back from Tunis, from Athens, from Alexandria, from Moscow, Madrid, Marseilles, Nîmes, Paris, or some hidden *auberge* in the French provinces, or whether it is one he created himself in an ecstasy of inspiration, as when he wedded "the food of Aphrodite" to the apples of love to make *Tomates farcis Isadora*. Here are not recipes simplified beyond palatability, reduced to the exigencies of a rush schedule. Rather are they to be lingered over lovingly in the making. Each calls for patience and the master's touch.


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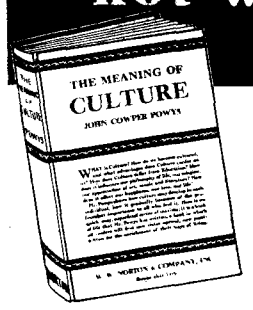


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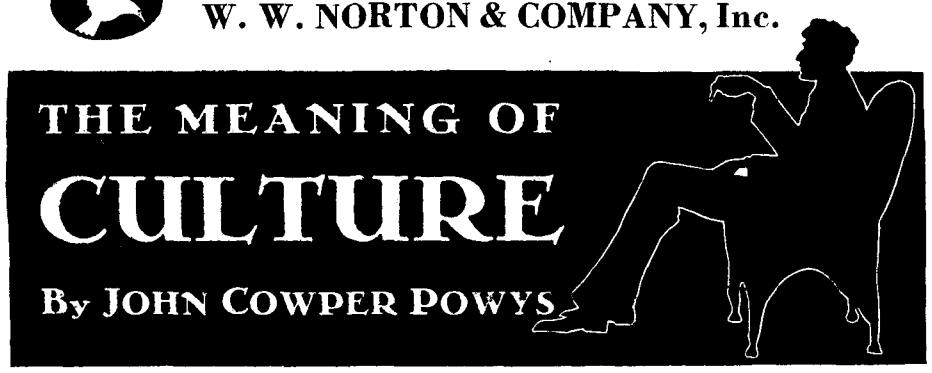


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# Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE *symposium on the* "Revolution of the Word" in V. F. Calverton's and S. D. Schmalhausen's *The Modern Quarterly* has recently interested us. Are the revolution-in-the-wordists moving in the right or the wrong direction? James Joyce in his "Work in Progress" has been doing all sorts of things with words. At first glance it would seem that he has simply been trying to write a whole book in Jabberwockeyese. Then it appears that his words are portmanteaus—not such simple and outdated portmanteaus, for instance, as the word "Hobohemia," once coined by Sinclair Lewis, but packed with extreme erudition, linguistic accomplishment, and cryptogrammatic affluence. A line from Francis Thompson pops into our memory at this juncture: "Brimmed with nimbler meanings up than hasty Gideons from their hands may sup." The texture of Joyce's present writing is "stiff with riches" of such kind. And to us, when it is not utterly incomprehensible, it is so laborious that it bores us. Why not be frank about it? It bores us; just as Gertrude Stein bores us. And we do not feel ourself to be altogether too hasty a Gideon.

There is a delight in coined words, there lurks a great delight in "lingo." We have all heard children evolve words, through an inexact comprehension of the words spoken around them, which were so good in their portmanteau meanings that it seemed as though they should most certainly be added to the English language. But such words are inspirations, conscious or unconscious. When one goes at the matter with the well-nigh Teutonic thoroughness Joyce has applied to it, the eventual palimpsest presents so great a problem to the average mind that literature's true function is all but destroyed. The pleasure derived from his writing reduces itself to a highly esoteric pleasure. The study of such writing becomes like the study of the higher mathematics. And, unfortunately, the general run of mankind is at present so constituted that it cannot grasp the rarified esthetic and intellectual enjoyment to be derived from application to this new language. Why should there not be such a new language? Why indeed! But for a very long time it will, necessarily, be for the few. And it seems to us a pity that one of the great literary geniuses of our time, as we believe Joyce to be, should assiduously and determinedly follow a road that leads him farther and farther away from intelligibility to the average reader, in a day when, we verily believe, writing has never had so intelligent or quickly perceptive a general audience.

Perhaps, if the word-revolution gains ground and advances its standards within the next century, readers of 2030 A.D. will find Joyce as simple and direct as most of us now find Browning, though Browning was satisfied with the English language, more or less, as he found it. Mr. Calverton has admitted to his symposium, with great fairness, a variety of spokesmen, for and against the word-revolution. He himself contributes a very interesting paper. And if you ask us why we are discussing here, in a column devoted to the discussion of poetry, the matter before us, it should be obvious that it is in poetry that single words have always become most intensely effective. The revolution-in-wordists will create a new poetry, whether it be written (as most certainly it will not be) in the present verse forms or no. When Mr. Jolas says, in his contribution to the symposium, that "the isolated vocable should develop a new sense of conjuration," we most heartily agree, except that with the words of the present English language—even the simplest, of the most common usage—that has always proved possible when genius or even great talent wielded them. He also says, however, (in part) that

> The study of the state of mind which the discoveries of Freud, Stekel, etc., have clarified for us, after a long struggle begun by the Greeks and continued by the romantics, is the primary task of the modern poet.

He quotes Poe to the effect that "there are certain states of mind for which language has not yet found an adequate manifestation." Of this every poet is aware. And the conclusion is that the new poetry, if it does indeed take up "the primary task of the modern poet," "needs instrumentalities that past epochs did not know." The complete expression of the "dream state" in its relationship to the "conscious state" seems to him to demand a new language.

Mr. Calverton agrees that whole new areas have been opened to the poet for interpretation, but it seems to us that his unanswerable answer is this:

> Any revolution in the word, therefore, if it is to mark an advance, has but one function to perform, and that is to make the word a finer because a more precise and clarifying form of social communication.

That was what we ourself meant when we said above that in the Joyceian experiment we felt that "literature's true function is all but destroyed." Mr. Calverton's contention is not that there is no necessity for a revolution in expression, but "the revolt that is necessary, we maintain, is not in the word, but in the use of the word." "There can be no intelligent argument," he says, "against neologisms that aid language to be more communicative; argument can only be directed against neologisms that do not aid that function. Here is the crux of the controversy!" He goes on to disagree with one of the revolution-in-the-wordists who announced that "the writer expresses; he does not communicate." He points out that such an attitude is "hostile to all sense and reason."

> If an artist writes merely to express and is unconcerned with the element of communication, to be consistent with himself he should never print what he writes—if he must write—but keep it to himself in his own private possession. But that is not the nature of artists or the so-called art-impulse.

This is entirely sound. And equally as sound is this paragraph:

> Because we are done with an old culture does not mean we are done with old words. Words survive cultures—for they are the substance of all culture, be it revolutionary or reactionary. Words take on new meanings, acquire new power, demand new emphasis. but they are spelt approximately the same, and hold within themselves the residuum of culture. In English and American words there now inheres the congealed thought of centuries. That we must add to these words, drive new life into their old bones, set them against the new spirit of our age, no one should dispute. But that we should destroy their meaning by distortion; that we should allow an individual to make havoc with their substance in order to *express* his fancy—that is a violation of the entire social purpose and meaning of words.

So the situation stands. And after being so forcibly reminded of Joyce's vocabulary and of Gertrude Stein's rhythms there still seems a good deal to be done with the language as it stands and with variations of the rhythms we know. Mr. Joyce and Miss Stein are extraordinary phenomena of our time. The former has prodigious gifts, the latter seems to us to labor under a prodigious hallucination concerning the effectiveness of words. And all this logomachy has its interest. But its end seems to be in sterility. It does not impress us with new life. It is of the study. Both writers have become the most extraordinary examples of detachment from the age in which they live that we know of to-day.

After such considerations it is interesting to turn to a slim book of poems written by probably the best of the younger critics of our time. It was published in the fall of last year. It is "Poets, Farewell!" by Edmund Wilson (Scribners). The opening poem is one of the best. It is in regular metre and rhyme (as are, in fact, most of Mr. Wilson's inclusions in this volume) and is impressively nostalgic. In fact, one verse of it has been running in our head for a long time:

*Yet never now to travel toward Vittel!—*
*South now to seek her, say!—*
*South, south, to that soft-graying Esterel*
*That fades on rose and gray—*

"Infection," on the seventh page, is likewise remarkable. So are "Boboli Gardens" and "Provincetown." And the peculiar thing about them all is that the last three are in exactly the same metre, that all four are most classical and traditional as to form, that in none is there the slightest attempt at verbal or metrical experimentation. Yet Wilson is undeniably a poet, with an exact ear and the gift of precise expression; and he has given us probably the best critical analyses of Proust, Joyce, and others that we have had in our time. Also in his section "Nonsense" his poem concerning "Quintillian," in regular stanzas, is to us one of the most amusing pieces of fooling we have read for a long time. In fact, we have had it in a scrapbook of ours for a number of years, ever since it originally appeared in *The Double Dealer.*

We ponder upon the revolution in the word, and we ponder upon this book. We find ourself allied to those who elect an ancient discipline. Perhaps it is a sign of age. But the less words the better, seeing that a simple direct statement can still be packed with human experience and with a reference to beauty that by its very reticence still deeply stirs the heart and ennobles the mind.

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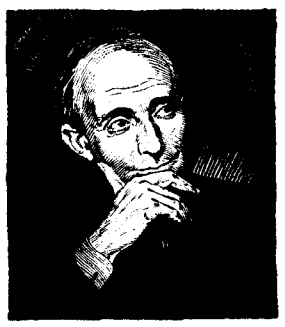
# "Gentlemen, A NOVEL!"



JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH

ALMOST any book can get *some* favorable reviews. Even the superlatives are frequently too easily available. There are always a few friendly or lenient or obscure critics who can accommodate the blurb-writer or the headline virtuoso.

But acclaim—authentic acclaim from responsible and famous men of letters—is made of different stuff, and it is international acclaim of such magnitude which greets the American publication of this novel by JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, "*—And Company*".

Rarely is it given to a publisher to launch a novel with such impressive tributes, and under such distinguished auspices. The introduction is by ROMAIN ROLLAND, the translation from the French is by C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, noted for his rendition of PROUST, and the comments quoted in this announcement are but typical of a larger homage which ARNOLD BENNETT, VAN WYCK BROOKS, PAUL CLAUDEL, and ISRAEL ZANGWILL are proud to pay to a novelist in the noble tradition of classical French fiction. These, in fact, are their own words, not the publisher's.

"*Gentlemen, a novel!*"

THE word genius is not used lightly by men of the standing of ROMAIN ROLLAND. In the case of "*—And Company*", by JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, he uses it with measured deliberation—and without qualifying phrases.

"The great majority of novelists," says ROMAIN ROLLAND, "write from a shallow ink-well. They but scratch the surface of reality. They seize upon nature from a single angle, perhaps by means of external description, or through the minds of the characters, or through the use of movement or emotion. I know scarcely a single writer who, throughout a work of any size, comes to grip with life like an athlete, hand to hand—who embraces the entire mass of reality, his chosen prey, in the net of his spiritual and intellectual perception.

"Yet that is the very achievement of '*—And Company*'. The tribe of the Simlers is modeled from human flesh. We can see them, touch them; we can even carry away the living clay in our hands.

"For me, that is the first and indelible impression produced by this great book—even beyond the overwhelming interest of the story itself: an exceptional power of *integral* creation, of body plus soul. The verb 'to create' here takes on its full complement of meanings. The author has not only imagined or observed his characters. *He has engendered them.*"

"—&Co."
By JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH
ROMAIN ROLLAND, author of Jean Christophe, says:
"I have just finished rereading '—& Co.' in the definitive edition. With each reading I have experienced the same impact of creative power; and with these additions, that here is the only French novel I know of which is worthy to take its place among the masterpieces of Balzac's Human Comedy."
PAUL CLAUDEL, poet, dramatist and French Ambassador to the U.S., says:
"There is not a single character in this monumental work who does not possess his own vitality and power. We look to Bloch to reveal himself as the great creator of that modern life which Zola was unable to grasp in its entirety."
ISRAEL ZANGWILL, author of Children of the Ghetto, etc., says:
"A book like '—& Co.' is not open to criticism. One yields to it as one would to a natural phenomenon. It flows along like a river and has the majesty of a forest."
Translated by C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
With an introduction by ROMAIN ROLLAND

IN describing the "amplitude and the solid construction" of this novel ROMAIN ROLLAND speaks unqualifiedly of "the genius of JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH", and continues:

"The outstanding and preeminent element in this book is obviously the Simler family. And in painting their portraits the author is incomparable. His treatment, his style, by emphasizing certain qualities, by making them stand out in monumental relief, by the abundance of the clay and the vigorous joy of the modeler who shapes it, borders very close on caricature, yet is majestic to the point of being epic.

"He reminds me of Daumier. There is the same firm touch, the well-rounded flesh and muscles, the michaelangelesque ardour in the bourgeois buffoonery, the *vis comica* (*tragica?*), the irresistible scenic movement, the genius not only of the individual portraiture (Hippolyte Simler is a world in himself), but of the *ensembles*.

"JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH has barely passed his forty-third year, and he is emerging from the furnace of the war. The war, which scarred his body with three wounds, has instilled a world of tragic experiences and emancipating disillusions into his spirit. It is this world which smoulders in a brain wherein a fever of creation and universal curiosity rages."

THE reader who confronts a novel entitled "*—And Company*" for the first time may wonder at its implications. There is drama in this story, there is passion, there is suspense, there is climax, there is imagery, and there is an astounding sense of character and continuity—but all these elements are steeped in a theme of timeless spiritual and ideological import—the struggle between man and his company—between individual and business—between personality and factory, between the hushed cry of Joseph Simler's love and the imperious summons of the daybreak siren over the looms and the smoke-stacks.

"*. . . . Most of all, the sword of his own eventual solitude pierced him to the heart . . . .*

"*. . . . The machines stand there in a row with the tranquillity of creditors, gluttonous and gorged . . .*

"*. . . . Wagons bring fresh looms and machinery. The roar increases. The family home, which originally regulated everything else according to its own rhythm, is no more now than a plank tossed upon the waves. A mighty din overwhelms the universe . . . .*"

THIS, then, is "*—And Company*", the book hailed by ARNOLD BENNETT, VAN WYCK BROOKS, ROMAIN ROLLAND, ISRAEL ZANGWILL, and PAUL CLAUDEL. This is the author acclaimed by the most eminent critics of England, France and Germany. This is the work selected by *The Book League of America* for February, now published by Simon and Schuster and on sale at all bookstores for $3.00.

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"*'—AND COMPANY' is built on the scale of the masterpieces of French literature. It is worthy of the best work of* BALZAC."—VAN WYCK BROOKS

"*'—AND COMPANY' is a permanent achievement. It has some of the qualities of* BALZAC, FLAUBERT, *and* ZOLA *It is written in the grand manner of the classical French fiction of the nineteenth century.*" ARNOLD BENNETT

"*A book like '—AND COMPANY' is not open to criticism. One yields to it as one would to a natural phenomenon. It flows along like a river and has the majesty of a forest.*"—ISRAEL ZANGWILL

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# The New Books

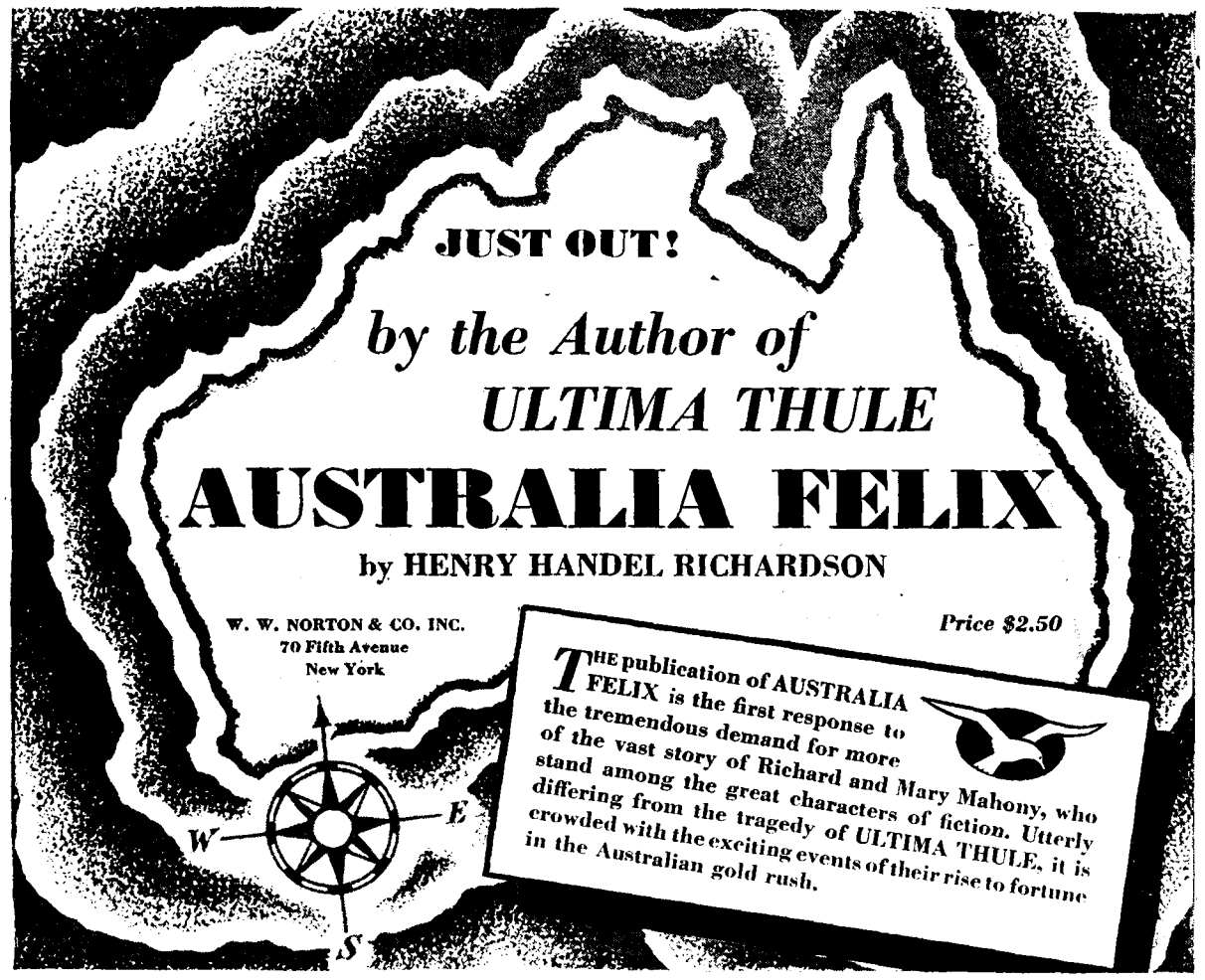
The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

## Fiction

TIDE HOUSE. By MAUDE CALDWELL PERRY. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $2.50.

Miss Perry's "Tide House" is confused, harsh, and irritating; in more skilful hands it could have been made persuasive. It does fairly well with its scene, but the rest—plot and people—is disappointing. The protagonist, Matthew Gulick, is a dim and unsympathetic figure; we do not know him well, and we do not wish to. He is a simple-minded, stupidly ambitious boor, and whatever significance Miss Perry intended him to possess is certainly not communicated to us. The women characters, though equally unattractive, seem much more plausible. As for the plot—the less said the better; it is complicated, luridly melodramatic, and tiresome.

Local color is the only real merit of the novel. Argyll, the small town where the entire action takes place, is on the Pacific coast, evidently in the state of Washington. During the years from 1890 to 1917 we see this "mud-flat" town grow and change. The sea, with its storms; the dunes, with their encroaching sands; the vast lumber tracts, with their threat of forest fires—these, somehow, seem to keep the townspeople dispirited and uncivilized. Every aspect of life in Argyll makes for discouragement and meanness. This background, however, in spite of its energetic picturesqueness, does not make up for the serious defects of the novel.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George Joseph Smith was a lady-killer by profession. When he married women for profit they did not live long. Three of his numerous brides were found dead in bathtubs. Marshall Hall could not save his neck.

Ruby Young betrayed her lover to the police, but he was defended so well by Marshall Hall that the girl had to leave court in disguise to escape an angry mob.

If Ronald Light had not been riding a green bicycle on a pleasant afternoon he would never have been on the court records as a man who escaped hanging only because his counsel was an expert on firearms.

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*A Nudge to Connoisseurs*

"Well worth buying, if only for the large, generous portions the author supplies of accounts of his subject's most celebrated cases. And most of the best ones in England these forty years are set out again in these pages. Once more a nudge to connoisseurs."—William Bolitho in the *New York World.*

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THE MERCHANT PRINCE. By H. C. BAILEY. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

Mr. H. C. Bailey writes his historical novel with a blithe and agreeable pen. Those who imagine novels looking to the past for their subject are dull and lacking in the kick which follows from the proper use of modern ideas and language will find Mr. Bailey makes as good reading as they could wish. In "The Merchant Prince," the author traces out the growth of a new type of man and mentality in the Middle Ages. Then war and the pursuit of war was not only the business of the aristocracy, but also the big business of the era. The risks were great and the gains were corresponding to those who happened to be lucky enough to keep whole skins and on the right side.

Hugh Camoys, though given the opportunity to enter this business under good patronage, declined. He found himself able to make as good a livelihood in trade, with fewer chances of getting his head broken as a penalty for lack of foresight. In addition to this, he saw that trade went on merrily, while factions inside the country equally merrily broke heads and got heads broken in their attempt to keep on top. Amidst all this, Hugh's trade keeps on prospering and his power and influence grow, and he finishes up happily by marrying a noble maid from the aristocracy which once so despised him.

This tale might be considered to carry a moral as well as a plot which rattles along at a good pace. If so, then the moral must be that peace and prosperity and trade are better than all the glories of war and cold steel in the gullet. It doesn't sound very adventurous, but the author makes it so. Mr. Bailey is his usual engaging and competent self, and "The Merchant Prince" is another added to the long list of his novels which one takes up to put down only when finished.

EARLY REAPING. By CALE YOUNG RICE. Century. 1929. $2.50.

This is an uneven novel with some excellent psychological delineation and a story—it can hardly be called a plot—that is well integrated and interesting in its unfolding. The hero is an offspring of mismating, son of a dissolute father of comparatively aristocratic family and of a mother who was a common-law child and socially outside the local pale of Louisville, Kentucky, scene of the story. The effect upon a sensitive boy of his restricted mother-dominated life with only occasional visits from an unscrupulous and brutal father is traced with sympathy and insight. The resultant split personality of the boy leads to a marriage as disastrous as that of his parents but also to a love that in the end promises to solve all.

That is why the novel is uneven. Mr. Rice unflinchingly presents the tragic elements necessary to his story, but then he too often relents and loosens the tension with some idealization of life or love, an idealization which is not forceful or convincing enough to resolve the bitter compound he has made. When Mr. Young is the observer and analyst, and sometimes when he is the interpreter, he might take his place beside the better realists of today. But when he philosophizes, or permits his philosophy to sift through the action and characters, he blurs his effects and slips most contradictorily into rather an "uplift" attitude. There is a lack of ruthlessness in Cale Young Rice the novelist that must be due in part to Cale Young Rice the poet and idealist.

IN PRINCETON TOWN. By DALE EDWARDS. Scribners. 1929. $2.

These stories of college life have all the defects and the one virtue of cheap magazine fiction. To enumerate the defects would be tedious. Chief among them are a machine-made plot, usually with a trick ending, a cheaply romantic style, and standardized characters. The solitary virtue of magazines stories, and of these collegiate fables, is that they are easy to read. No effort of any sort, intellectual, emotional, or spiritual, is required in order to follow Mr. Edwards as he goes through his little bag of literary tricks. One knows that Crane will not cheat on the examination, sorely tempted though he is. One knows that the despised East, working his way through college, will get a bid from the best club in Princeton and that his snobbish roommate will not. And one knows that orchestras will blare, that colors will flame, that glances will dart and cheeks grow hot with humiliation. All these commonplaces one expects to find in a book of this sort, and Mr. Edgar does not disappoint one. However, his stories are readable enough, and often quite entertaining and colorful in spite of their banality.

(*Continued on page 682*)

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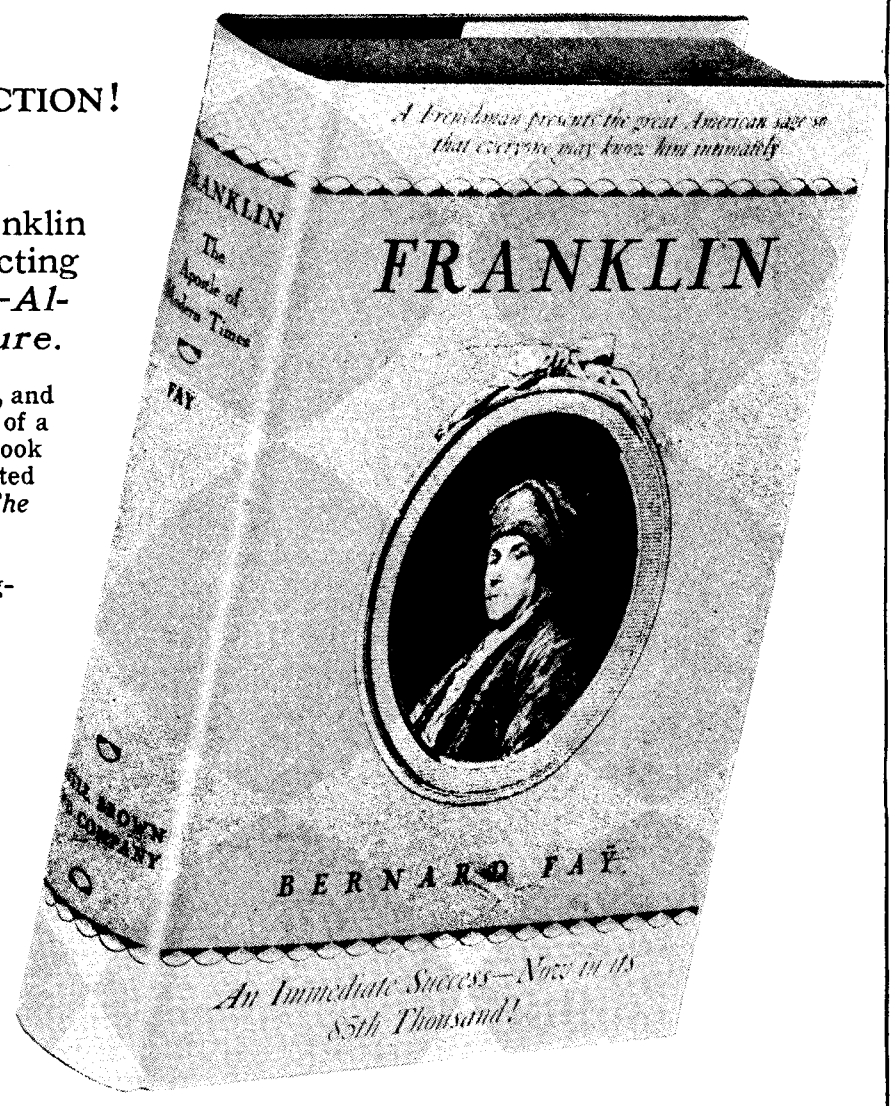


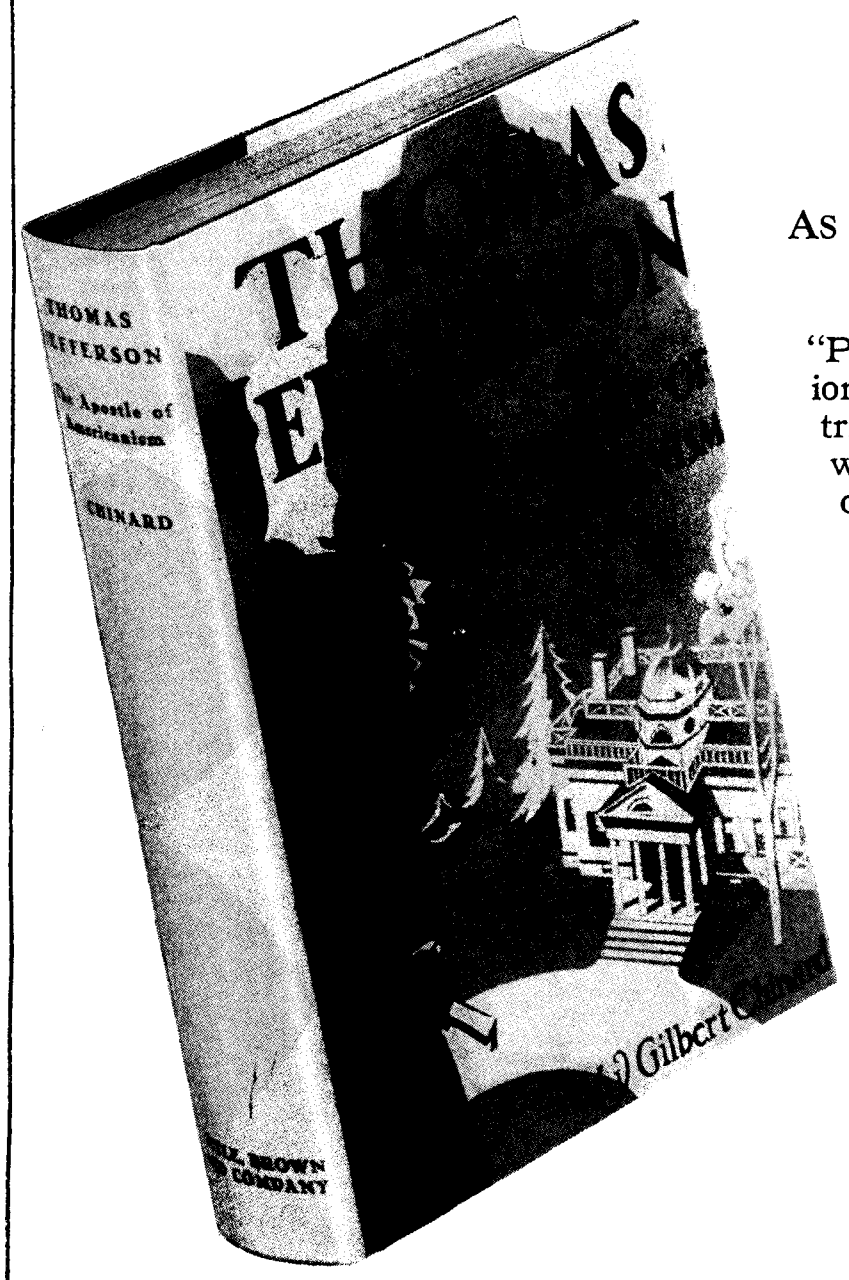


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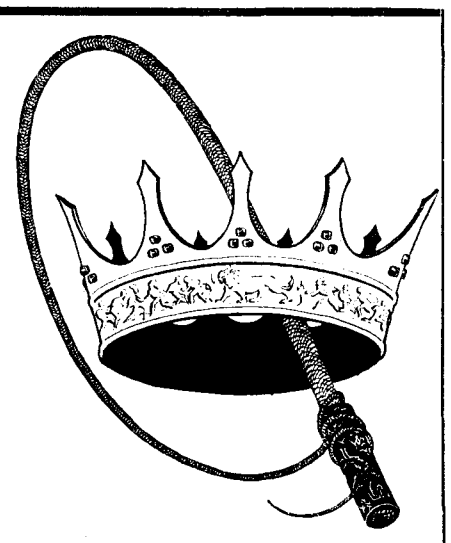

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## The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

*'Tis the month after Christmas*
*And all through the town,*
*They are making book dummies,*
*And taking greens down,——*

WE could write much more on the subject of January in New York, but we can't keep it up in rhyme the way old Clement Moore could. Probably he wouldn't have been able to in the year 1930 either.

Early in the month the E. P. Dutton Fellowship for Library Work with Children was announced at Chicago at the Council Meeting of the American Library Association. This is to be a Fellowship for a graduate student in Childrens' Library Work to have advanced training or to do research along this line. One thousand dollars a year for three years has been agreed upon, and John Macrae, who is responsible for the idea and for naming it for the late head of the Dutton Company, expresses himself as confident that well trained children's librarians will do much to develop future generations of good readers.

We couldn't help thinking what an amusing idea it would be if various publishers followed Mr. Macrae's example and if they all decided to name Fellowships in honor of certain juvenile best sellers. For example;—"The Christopher Robin or Pooh Traveling Scholarship," carrying with it a trip to England, and at least one sight of the guard changing at Buckingham Palace; "The Dr. Dolittle Course in the Care and Appreciation of Animals" (frequent trips to the Zoo part of the program); and "The Little Women" award (preferences given to applicants of New England birth and education). Well, why shouldn't there be memorials to best sellers, juvenile or otherwise?

Speaking of "Dr. Dolittle," we learn from Helen Dean Fish of the F. A. Stokes Company, that Hugh Lofting has lately returned from a long stay in Europe. He plans to finish for Fall publication a book which has already been announced, "The Twilight of Magic." This is Mr. Lofting's first long story since closing the famous and profitable Dr. Dolittle Series.

In the Stuart Gallery (Room 316) of the Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street an interesting exhibit of the drawings and prints of the late Jay Chambers will be on exhibition from now until the first of April. It has been arranged and many of the items loaned by the artist's friend, Wilbur Macey Stone, the collector of rare books and juvenilia. Mr. Chambers made the amusing and quaint illustrations for the "Triptych Book of Penny Toys," which is one of our favorite possessions. Beside these there are many original book plate designs on view as well as a fascinating small village of medieval houses, intricately made and cunningly colored from ordinary match boxes.

Another exhibit now on is Wanda Gág's at the Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Avenue. The announcement card bears a reproduction of one of her well-known wood engravings, depicting three lean and spirited cats, very rampant as to backs and whiskers, crouching before an unsuspecting bird. Miss Gág may be master of many lines of art and she may draw other things equally well, but she will never overshadow her own success as the creator of "Millions of Cats," last season's prize picture book.

Over at the Macmillan Company they are planning to bring out several unusual Spring books. First there is Eric P. Kelly's "The Blacksmith of Vilno," another one of his thrilling tales of Poland, where Mr. Kelly went last summer to gather material immediately after "The Trumpeter of Krakow" received the 1929 Newbery Medal award. Then there is a new edition of Captain Marryat's "Children of the New Forest," edited by Lynd Ward and May McNeer, who were responsible for the beautiful "Prince Bantam." It will have woodcuts by Lynd Ward, whose woodcut novel, "Gods' Man," has attracted so much attention in the adult field. Besides these two there will be a Helen Sewell A B C Book to which we look forward with ill-concealed impatience. Feeling the way we do about her pictures for "Menagerie," "Mr. Hermit Crab," and "Sally Gabble and the Fairies," we feel sure we shall not be disappointed. We understand that Miss Sewell had the "peremptory aid" and coöperation of Pat and Harris, aged four and five, and that it was their idea that "M." should stand for "Manners" and "Q" for questions.

Unfortunately, as we have explained on several previous occasions, we know nothing whatsoever about music. But we do like the looks of "Singing Time" which came to us from the John Day Company. It is a collection of small songs for young children which have grown out of the actual experience of little children in private classes and in kindergarten and nursery schools. The verses are simple and we have been assured that the music is equally so. Another advantage is that the piano accompaniments need not be used unless desired. Many of the little songs may be acted out by children as well as sung. The book is the work of Satis N. Coleman and Alice G. Thorn. Once we heard Miss Thorn sing and play some of her children's music and we think no one knows better than she the limitations and possibilities of young minds and young voices.

And now for an umbrella and goloshes and what the little boy in the Briggs cartoon called "a grief case"!

## Reviews

THE TANGLE-COATED HORSE. By ELLA YOUNG. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

"THE TANGLE-COATED HORSE" is about the best-remembered hero of Gaelic tradition, Fionn MacCumhal, or, as his name is written in this text, Fionn the Son of Uail. As it was told in Ireland and Gaelic Scotland the saga dealt with the life of a hero from childhood to old age, from Fionn's first boyish feats to the time when he weeps over Oscar, his grandson slain in battle, and sees Usheen, his son, take leave of him and the heroic companionship, and go into the Land of Youth. In "The Tangle-coated Horse" nothing about Fionn's middle-life or old age is told—all is youthful in the episodes related. We have Fionn in the forest as a child with Bovemall, his woman-guardian; we have Fionn as a boy serving the poet Finnegas, we have Fionn as a youth winning back the talismans that had given his father the leadership of the Fianna of Ireland, saving the palace of the High-king from the unearthly being who would have destroyed it, and then taking possession of his father's place and with it the leadership of the Fianna. After this we have the winning of Saba which is treated, not as a love-story, but as a story of enchantment. Then, without our realizing it, Diarmid takes the leading rôle in the stories—Diarmid, who, in the old saga, is the personification of youth—with old, bald, grotesque Cunnaun as a foil to him. The stories end with the return of Usheen from the Land of Youth to an Ireland in which the heroic companionship of the Fianna is only a dim memory.

"The Tangle-coated Horse," then, is a book that is altogether about youth, and in this it has affinity with another book of Celtic stories, Lady Charlotte Guest's "Mabinogion." And I do not think I am making too great a claim when I compare this book which has just come out with a book which is a recognized classic. These stories are told in a living and distinctive way. Ella Young knows the pattern of the Gaelic stories and she can reproduce it in a way that has charm and freshness. She writes a prose that has the sense of things seen and that is swiftly moving at the same time. There is also in her work a quality which should be in a retelling of the Fionn saga—the quality of delight in places with a happy descriptiveness of glens and woods, of lakes and hillsides. For the Fionn saga was originally the hero-lore of dispossessed men who hunted and hired themselves out as fighting men and who looked back on where they had had good hunting or pleasant shelter as places of romance and charm. The scene of the saga is the whole of Ireland and the greater part of Gaelic Scotland, and it is full of descriptions of places. Ella Young's stories have this happy descriptiveness:

> The river Boyne showed a gleam of silver between tree-trunks; it made a soft plashing sound among its reeds. . . . Picking his way between alder and willow and flowering rush he

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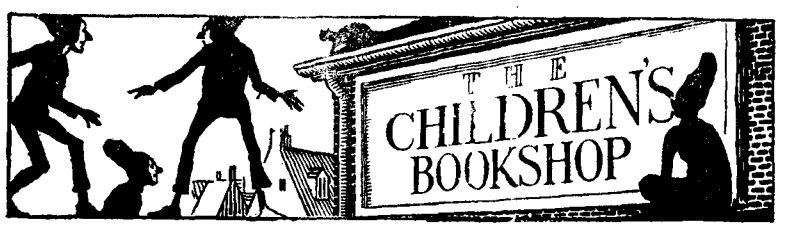


came to where the water swirled in silvery ringing reaches in the pool that is called the Pool of the Star-dance.
or,—

The Oakwood of the Ridge of the Boar stretched its branches gladly in the sunlight. It had buds and leaves of a red-bronze color, and the wind played delicately amongst them lest it should snap a twig or tear a silken leaf. Deep in the wood was a hidden meadow where the sunlight danced. The trees stood back from it on every side, fencing and protecting it. In the shelter of the trees were several small huts thatched with bracken; beside one of them that was close to a great oak tree an old man stood holding a spear erect like a soldier on guard.

The Fionn Saga, combining as it does the heroic with the unearthly, is one of the most enchanting of the world's story-cycles. It has been awaiting a story-teller with the right equipment for making it over for children of our day. James Stephens, in his "Irish Fairy Tales," has retold magnificently some of the early episodes; Lady Gregory's "Gods and Fighting Men" gives a fairly complete version of the saga, and Standish O'Grady in "Finn and his Companions" tells several of the most memorable episodes. Children would be enthralled by James Stephens's Fionn the boy, but there is very little of him given in the "Irish Fairy Stories," while Lady Gregory and Standish O'Grady have a grown-up audience in mind. The writer of "The Tangle-coated Horse" has the special accomplishment that can make stories for children out of this grand material. She does not fail to dwell upon the heroic motives in the saga, but the episodes that appeal most to her are the ones that can be presented as fairy-tales. The humorous element has a place, too, in her stories; the most humorous of all the espisodes of the saga gives the title to the book. And Ella Young has given a mystical interpertation to the indefinite Irish mythology; her interpretation gives a spiritual background to the tales—a background that gives us the sense of another age, another world. The sense of elemental life which she has enables her to write passages of distinctive prose.—

I pour honey for you. Where honey is, there in the laughter and song of bees, and where mead is—the honey brew—there is laughter of men, and song. Be laughter with you, laughter of sun and wind and running stream; and song of thrush and ousel and high soaring lark. My heart makes a song for you. Fionn is glad for you, and Liath sings a druid song of peace. Oak-wood that sheltered us, farewell. Our hundred thousand blessings with you, and farewell.

The speech that she gives to her people, too, is distinctive and vivid:

"Belike she had," cried Liath. "It's little she thought when she left the Plain of Honey to wed with Uail, your father, that had the look of a god on him, how soon she would be keening lost battles and her dead man!"

The Fionn saga is still a living one; story-tellers in Gaelic-speaking Ireland and Scotland tell us of Fionn and his companions as if they were remembered men whom their fathers might have spoken to. And this living quality is in "The Tangle-coated Horse"; Ella Young makes us feel that for all the unearthly things that happened to them we might have known Fionn, and Usheen, Oscar, and Diarmid and old ballad Cunnaun. The publishers have made a handsome book. Vera Bock's illustrations are fine as decorations although they do not give us the feeling of Gaelic design.

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AMERICAN FOLK AND FAIRY TALES. Selected by RACHEL FIELD. Drawings by MARGARET FREEMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by CATHERINE WOODBRIDGE

AN American folklore is in one sense a contradiction in terms for that type of people who are usually considered most truly American have no folklore of their own at all. The colonists of the new world simply transplanted an old world cultural tradition. It is only where eddies have been cut off from the main stream and have lapsed into primitiveness that an original folklore has grown up. Such an eddy as the Tennessee mountain country. Another backwater, this time served from a French background, is the lumber camp of the Northern woods. But these sources furnish only a few of Miss Field's stories. She has interpreted *American* in a geographical sense to include Indian and negro folklore which make up the bulk of her stories.

This is no doubt as sound a means as any for collecting an American anthology, but when the test of "genuinely American in flavor" is applied in choosing particular stories it seems less defensible. To claim that flavor for a story simply because it mentions the year snow fell on peach trees in full bloom when it echoes a common theme seems arbitrary at best, and surely Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," though it may have a faint tinge of local color, cannot claim to be folklore at all.

Disregarding, however, the basis of selection, the results should provide interesting material for reading aloud to children. There is a good deal of dialect which might be an obstacle in a child's own reading, but which is very readily understood when actually spoken and usually adds to the story. There is, of course, the familiar Uncle Remus of Fred Chandler Harris which never loses its charm. There are two very salty tales of Percy McKaye from the Tennessee mountains. Margaret Prescott Montague's rendition of the Southern counterpart of Paul Bunyan has more the ring of real folklore than James Stevens's Northern versions which have a suspiciously Irish tang. Altogether, the Paul Bunyan stories are more the product of yarn spinning around a campfire than a growth of the soil. "Rip Van Winkle" is the only example which belongs properly to the East and echoes a closer contact with the old world. The Indian stories are, of course, quite as alien as any foreign folk tales. In fact, except in the case of Southern children these stories will all appeal more as folklore than for any recognizably American quality. If one can make any generalization about the whole body of our legends it might be that they are simpler than other well known folklore and confine their scope largely to the personification of animal life. Both these qualities will recommend this book to children.

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THE SHOW BOOK OF REMO BUFANO. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANNE STODDARD

REMO BUFANO, designer and producer of marionettes, presents in a jolly volume, illustrated by himself, a collection of seven plays—one for every day in the week. These plays are based on familiar fairy-tales: Jack and the Beanstalk, Cinderella, The Three Bears, Rumpelstiltskin—and one has a Biblical theme, the encounter of David with the giant, Goliath. Directions for costuming and scenery accompany each play, together with explanatory drawings. Although Mr. Bufano has produced all the plays included in the volume with marionettes, the book is not intended for puppets primarily, but for the use of children who wish to act in the little dramas themselves.

To the jaundiced eye of maturity, some of the action in the pieces seems difficult of accomplishment—as in "Cinderella," when the beloved cinder wench, in her ragged gown, slips under the tablecloth at the command of the fairy-godmother, counting ten the while, and reappears on the final count "in all her elegance," costumed for the ball! To the imagination of childhood, however, all things are possible; and although the effect upon an audience (if there should be an audience) might leave something to be desired, the believing young Cinderella herself might easily—oh, very easily!—come forth from under the table, after ten counts, attired beyond mortal elegance. If marionettes are used it would be a simple matter to substitute a duplicate Cinderella doll, dressed in a ball-gown, for the heroine of the cinders.

In any case, the "Show Book" should afford great fun to the children who take part in the plays, and that is a great deal to say of anything between covers.

For marionettes—as Mr. Bufano has proved with his own puppets—these plays are practical vehicles, designed to delight an audience, for much is possible to the marionette which lies outside the capacity of the human actor, save in the glorious realm of Let's Pretend.

A final chapter tells how to construct and operate wooden puppets of the type used by the author in his own productions.


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# The New Books

## Fiction

(*Continued from page 678*)

THE EVERLASTING HARPERS. By MILDRED WASSON. Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.

The story of Margot and Jerry opens on board a trans-Atlantic liner and goes from there to France where the two newly acquainted young people join in a "free" union and take Paris and love together. But for all this lax beginning "The Everlasting Harpers" is a tale of New England and New Englanders. It is not the sort of novel one expects to come out of New England, being of neither the gentle, homely order of a few years ago nor of the hard, contemporary exposé of inhibitions. Mildred Wasson takes a middle course, having a great deal of sympathy for her Maine characters but being entirely conscious of their idiosyncracies.

Jerry Harper is the only son in the Harper family and to him the whole family looks to carry on the Harper business and the Harper tradition. This attitude affects Jerry just as might be expected. He turns his face to Europe and freedom. But while living with Margot in Paris he is imperatively called home. He returns without making any plans for the future. Once back in America he realizes Margot's importance, sends for her, and presents her as his wife. They settle down to the Harper life, and their attempted adjustments and actual maladjustments in the narow community make up the bulk of the novel. A little coercion on the part of the author brings everything out satisfactorily in the end.

Mrs. Wasson has the story-telling gift, and it often carries her considerably over the border-line of probability. It permits her to introduce a scheming female rival into "The Everlasting Harpers" who might have come out of a Laura Jean Libbey novel. When, however, it is a question of describing ordinary people in their ordinary hours Mrs. Wasson has a pleasant way of seeming to be gossiping in a kindly manner about the people who live next door.

ZERO HOUR. By GEORGE GRABENHORST. Little, Brown. 1929. $2.50.

The saga of an eighteen-year-old youngster caught in the clutches of the war, "Zero Hour" is an enticing picture of inevitable disaster. In it, of course, are the usual flashes of peace and solitude, but these, scattered through judiciously, serve merely to stress the author's main *motif* of thundering devastation. Hans Volkenborn is no traditional doughboy of fiction. Young, gentle, and refined, he is a rank ignoramus when it comes to the shadier sides of life. Indeed, even in such a well-worked field as war profanity the very best—or worst—that Hans can achieve is no more than a prosaic *verdammt*. Like all sincere patriots, he loves his Fatherland, and when the war comes he proves it by enlisting before his time. His enthusiasm mingled with his high altruism and love of country make even the hell of Flanders endurable. Indeed, so well does Hans comport himself that he wins not only the Iron Cross but a chance to go to the officers' training camp. Here, curiously enough, temptations loom much larger than at the front. Thus there is the shrewd brute of a commander who horsewhips the timid; a perfumed and sex-craving widow; a degenerate candidate for rank,—not to forget the hogsheads of potent liquor. All these—with the sole exception of the alcohol—Hans overcomes successfully, though not always without bewilderment.

He gets his commission, and with it he returns to the front. Already on its way to defeat, the Fatherland is now making one desperate splurge. But its men, as everyone knows, are a sorry lot. Starved and dejected, they are sick of ideals. Volkenborn, too, has been caught in the mill of disillusionment, and though no danger daunts him, he already feels the touch of the approaching inevitable. Specifically this arrives in the guise of a collapsing trench. Though it almost kills the boy, his cynical regimental surgeon can discover no damage due to it, and eagerly dispatches the victim back to the front as fit to fight. But the fight, alas, is one-sided, for Volkenborn succumbs to partial blindness.

Much of all this is autobiographical, a fact which no doubt explains at least a part of its honest simplicity. On the other hand the author mars much of his directness by the continued recitation of his weird and racy dreams. The translation, too, leaves much to be desired. Thus, to simulate a German dialect, the translator gives one of his German doughboys a hybrid cockney, but he forgets unfortunately that no respectable cockney would ever say, "It's O.K. with me." But on the whole, the original German is much too good a novel to be spoiled by even such transient lapses. "Zero Hour" is the work of a poet who went through the war.

FOOTLOOSE McGARNIGAL. By HARVEY FERGUSSON. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Ranging in temper from Fielding to Farnol, there have been many delightful stories wherein a likable chap wanders about from place to place, from girl to girl, neither knowing nor caring what he will meet around the bend of the road. In that general mold Mr. Fergusson has cast his chronicle of a few happy months in the life of Alec McGarnigal. This thoroughly normal young man inherits a modest sum of money and immediately gets so drunk that he fires himself from his job in New York. Then off he goes on a vague sort of expedition, heading in the general direction of Texas. He hits New Orleans, San Antonio, Santa Fe, Taos, and then the mountains of New Mexico, there working first as a timber cruiser, then as a forest ranger. As he leaves us at the end of the book, he is heading back to New York, carefully remembering the address of a certain girl who, he hopes, has not forgotten him. All this is a picture of a good life, a way of life coveted at one time or another by every mother's son.

Mr. Fergusson writes extremely well. He describes the Southwest without the slightest trace of sentimentalism or conventionality. His observation is notably acute; through his eyes we see with gratifying sharpness the mountains, the sunsets, a deserted house, a trail across the mesa. Often as we read him we feel that we are seeing these things for the first time; often we are tempted to say that here is the definitive interpretation of a somewhat familiar mood or scene. Mr. Fergusson has almost succeeded in making this section of the United States his own literary property. Towns, girls, men—all are neatly and vigorously individualized Always dominating and filling out this background is McGarnigal's rugged wholesomeness. Our sympathetic interest in McGarnigal gives the story buoyancy, for we are always on the crest of the wave with him, sharing his exhilaration. The wide open spaces and the men who are men cease to be a joke when Mr. Fergusson takes them in hand.

"Footloose McGarnigal" is not a genuine novel, but rather a travel narrative, a variety of the picaresque romance. It has a beginning and a middle, but it lacks an end. We notice the absence of plot only rarely, however, for the pictorial quality of the narrative is almost always absorbing, and our acquaintance with McGarnigal is constantly stimulating and freshening. The story is, as we have said before, the picture of a good life, and McGarnigal, the portrait of a good man.

THE MYSTERY OF THE OPEN WINDOW. By *Anthony Gilbert*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

IVANHOE. By *Sir Walter Scott*. Macmillan.

DRUM AND MONKEY. By *George Manning-Sanders*. Liveright.

JUDGE AND FOOL. By *Vladimir Jabotinsky*. Liveright. $2.50.

THE SWAMPS. By *Sigel Roush*. Shenandoah.

A HUNGRY YOUNG LADY. By *Marian Spitzer*. Liveright. $2.50.

GATHER THE STARS. By *Diana Patrick*. Dutton. $2.50.

KWAIDAN. By *Lafcadio Hearn*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.

THE MAN OF PROMISE. By *Willard Huntington Wright*. Scribners. $2.50.

## The Wit's Weekly

**Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON**

*Competition No. 77.* A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best "character" sonnet in the manner of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of January 27.)

*Competition No. 78.* A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "Niagara Revisited." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of February 11).

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# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

*C. F. R., Logan, Ohio, is under the necessity of reviewing a recent outstanding drama, and asks for advice on its choice and on methods of making such a summary.*

THE method employed by Burns Mantle in presenting "The Best Plays of 1928-1929" (Dodd, Mead) to a reading public is one that anyone told off to introduce a contemporary stage success to a school or club audience would do well to adopt; a safe way would be to read one of these plays as they stand in this valuable yearbook. Having chosen—for reasons given—ten outstanding plays of the season, he tells the story of each one, slipping in and out of dialogue and giving important scenes and crucial moments in full. Most of us have had to live through the experience of hearing a play remorselessly reported to us by some one who enjoyed it the night before; it is amazing how unbearable a good play can become under such treatment and to what unbelievable lengths such torture may be protracted by one who has no sense of relative importance and no knack of recognizing the high spots and bringing them out. This knack may be learned from Mr. Mantle's book; at any rate, he makes good use of it. As in the nine previous issues, there is a register of all plays produced last season, with casts, number of performances, and brief characterization, and other yearbook information.

*W. L. K., Lesterville, South Dakota, building up the Latin and Greek classic department of his library, asks for the best translations of seventeen famous writers.*

IN general, when an author appears in the Loeb Classical Library (Putnam, $2.50 each)—and most of the great authors of antiquity have already appeared there—it is a safe procedure to invest in that volume, especially if, like many whose schooling stopped short of college but took in the classical course of an old-fashioned high school, one has the "little Latin and less Greek" that induces a certain friendly feeling to these languages on the page. For the Loeb edition has text and translation on alternate pages, producing in a mind open to suggestion a pleasing illusion of scholarship—on the part of the reader, I hasten to add, the scholarship of the series being unquestioned.

All the writers on W. L. K.'s list are in the Loeb Classical Library, but in several instances there are famous translations to be preferred. For instance, no other touches the great translation of the "Dialogues" of Plato by Jowett (Oxford, five volumes, $25) or his "Thucydides" (Oxford, $6); however, both of these titles by other translators are to be found in Everyman's at eighty cents, and Everyman's is never to be sneezed at. A beautiful verse translation of the "Æneid," by T. C. Williams, comes in the Riverside Literature Series (Houghton Mifflin, $1.08), and the best prose translation of the "Iliad," the combined work of Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf, and Ernest Myers, costs $1.40 (Macmillan). G. H. Palmer's "Odyssey" (Houghton Mifflin, $2) gives books 1-12; there is a Lang version (Macmillan, $1.40) with the more thrilling scenes given in full and a connecting narrative. If a selection of the tales of Herodotus will do—he is complete in Loeb—one has just appeared, nominally for younger readers, from Doubleday, Doran ($2.50), edited by Gordon King, with pictures by Boris Artzybacheff with his tongue in his cheek. At least only such a twist as this could produce the expression of Crœsus on the funeral pyre, or of the uncle of Xerxes cheering him up with the statement that it is "not the brevity of human life that tortures the soul but its duration."

Euripides figures on this list, and while I know that the plays put into English by Gilbert Murray are far more free than those of A. S. Way in the Loeb Library, they are also more easy, and I believe a beginner is more likely to go on reading Euripides if he begin with Murray. A book on the poet, "Euripides," by William Nickerson Bates (University of Pennsylvania, $5) has just been published, and should at once be added to public library collections; there is a biography with all known facts and decent burial for a few fictions, and after this detailed descriptions of the nineteen dramas we possess, with all that can be reconstructed from fragments of the fifty-five lost plays. Often the author's own verse translations are introduced, a good part of "Ion" being thus given. The illustrations are from vase-decorations showing scenes from the plays. In all, it is a fine example of scholarship placed at the disposal of the general reader.

The same inquirer asks for the best Roman plays in translation. "Three Plays of Plautus," translated by Wright and Rogers (Dutton, $3), containing "Slip-knot," "Trickster," and "Crock of Gold," and the two volumes of Terence in the Loeb Library translated by John Sergeaunt, containing six plays.

*L. P. A., Medford, Oregon, asks if there was not an almost complete "translation" of Pepys published a year or two ago in three volumes at fifteen dollars? "They tell me that it is Dutton's 1924 two-volume edition that I have in mind."*

"THE Diary of Samuel Pepys," complete in three volumes, edited by Henry B. Wheatley, India paper, is published by Harcourt, Brace and costs fifteen dollars in cloth, thirty in half-morocco. The Dutton edition in two volumes costs six dollars; it has notes by Lord Braybrook, an introduction by Guy Pocock, and illustrations by Benton Fletcher from drawings and contemporary portraits.

Possibly the play that kept Pepys for so long before the American public and the opera that has just been made out of an apocryphal addition to his diary—it is by Albert Coates, and was produced in Munich—may be sending more new readers to the Diary itself. For many of these the condensation, "Everybody's Pepys" (Harcourt, Brace), will be what they want; a practically continuous narrative with all the more familiar episodes left in, and some of the most charming of Mr. Shephard's drawings added, all in one volume.

*THE appeal for books for students in Poland* has met with the sort of response I expected from the generous and internationally-minded readers of this department. I have had a number of letters telling me what books the writer has sent to Poland, but others said only that books had been sent. Now three letters make it advisable that I take some account of stock. *R. S., Charlesgate East, Boston, Mass.*, sends me ten dollars to be spent at my own discretion in books for the Polish students. *The Robley Shops, New York*, offer to send a number of books of high grade that have been rented out in their circulating library times enough to pay cost and profit. *P. T., Philadelphia, Pa.*, will send books, especially those of Willa Cather, but prefers not to duplicate those already forwarded. If those who have sent or intend to send books to Poland will send the names to me I will be able to attend to all these matters.

*THE call for novels of life in South America* brings a hope from *E. B. H., Toledo, Ohio*, that I have not forgotten "Odalisque," "published three years ago and extravagantly blurbed," nor the older book, "Maria," by Jorge Isaacs, translated by Janvier, with a preface dealing with South American life and literature. It was published by Harper, and contrary to the fears of this correspondent has never gone out of print; it is now in their Odd Numbers Series in which several other unexpected finds may be made. "May not all of Hudson's books be suggested," says E. B. H., "and some of Richard Harding Davis's?" *E. F., Flushing, L. I.*, tells me of "On the Anvil," a novel I should certainly have set down, for it has been on top of my desk for several weeks while I was reading other new novels. It is by L. T. Crawford and was published by Morrow last Fall; its first third is in Valparaiso. "A delightful home life is pictured; I have read few novels which surpass it in quiet charm, at least in its South American portions. Later it transfers to England and to the Balkans during the World War. When all's said and done, it's a fine book." *H. P. C., Mississippi Agricultural College*, speaks for "Nacha Regules," by Manuel Galvez, a tale of Buenos Ayres (Dutton, about 1922, now out of print), and several readers have spoken of the books of Hugo Wast, a highly popular novelist, four of whose works (including one winning a large prize) have been published in English by Longmans, Green. There are "Black Valley," "Lucia Miranda," "Peach Blossom," and "Stone Desert."

*THE call for Philippine novels* brought out a similar response. An anonymous Boston reader sends in "Terry of the Hill-People," by Charles G. Thomson (Macmillan), which is also recommended by *R. H., New York*, together with the same author's "Time Is a Gentleman." They deal particularly with the remoter islands, the constabulary, and the aborigines. *A. B. Norman, Oklahoma*, suggests "Savage Gentlemen" (Van Nostrand), by Mabel Cook Cole, an account of four years' life in the islands, while Mrs. Cole assisted her husband in making ethnological and other studies for the Field Museum. "The book is written with charm and humor and is authentic in every detail. My copy goes on from friend to friend here; I shall have to buy a new one if I hope to reread it soon." *D. W.* suggests "The Philippine Islands," by W. Cameron Forbes (Houghton Mifflin), not a novel but a definitive and up-to-date history of our first adventure in colonial administration, such as one interested in the subject as developed in fiction should be glad to read.


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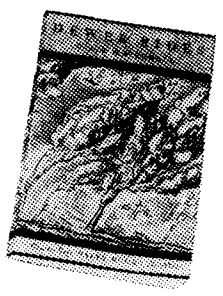

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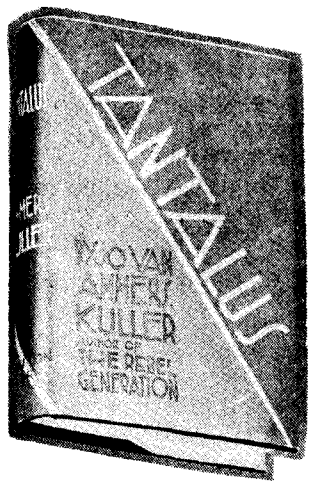


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# The Life of Miranda

*By*

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON

IT WOULD be difficult to imagine a more spectacular or romantic career than that of Francisco de Miranda, Precursor and Knight-Errant of Spanish American liberty. The years that spanned his career include an era which for revolutionary changes is unique in the history of the world. He took part in the struggle for the independence of the United States, in the French Revolution, and in the emancipation of South America. Scarcely a personage of his time did he fail to meet or captivate, apparently at first sight, and his travels took him all over the world. Not the least interesting part of his journeying was his tour of the United States, of which, like most of his experience, he kept voluminous records. Arriving at a strategic moment—the close of the Revolution—he obtained passage for the Carolinas, landing at Newbern, where he admired Tryon's Palace, complained that his rest was disturbed by huge insects and frogs, praised the mockingbirds—and traveled on. In his progress up the coast he met the leading lights of Charleston, of Philadelphia, of New York. Washington invited him to dine and was somewhat unfavorably written down in the diary as of "demeanour circumspect, taciturn, and inexpressive, but a suave manner and great moderation make it endurable." In New York he met Alexander Hamilton, too, and—alas for the poor Colonel—Colonel William Smith.

All this time Miranda was attempting to spread the flame of liberty to South America by enlisting in its cause the soldiers and statesmen he met. But little official encouragement came his way, and he went on to England, toured Europe with Colonel Smith, snubbed Lafayette, was entertained by the composer Haydn—then on to Venice, Greece, Turkey, and Russia. Here Catherine II, lady of many favorites, took him under her expansive protection (causing thereby dark and scandalous rumors) but the wanderer went further—to Sweden, to Denmark, to Switzerland—"the first civilized South American to appear in Europe." Revolutionary France lured him next, where he promptly got into the midst of things, only to be balked. But Napoleon thought the fire of genius was in the man, and Pitt was afraid to let go of him altogether lest England lose something Miranda seemed capable of bringing. His subsequent adventures are as varied and as unbelievably romantic, climaxed by the famous filibustering expedition, betrayal by that other flame of liberty, Bolivar, and final ignominious death in prison. The full story is told for the first time in this biography, for it was only recently that Professor Robertson unearthed some new documents, on which he draws heavily here.

Professor Robertson is one of the leading historians in the Latin-American field, has written a number of books on South America, just recently edited Miranda's *Diary* in Spanish (The U. S. Tour) for the Hispanic Society of America, and is one of the editors of the Inter-American Historical Series to be published by this Press.

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MR. CHARLES F. HEARTMAN, by issuing his "Preliminary Checklist of Almanacs Printed in New Jersey prior to 1850," has begun a most valuable work which it is sincerely hoped he will be urged to complete. "I am admitting here," he explains in his preface, "that there were many more Almanacs printed in New Jersey before 1850 than I have listed. When [everything] has been done, and everybody has given me the titles which I missed, or could not at the time locate, then another more definitive checklist will be printed." Certainly no one has had more experience in this particular field than he, and the fact that he has realized the need for such a reference book, and has been able to pass so successfully beyond the initial difficulty of starting it, proves him to be the person most capable of carrying it to a brilliant conclusion. Few collectors, no matter what their knowledge of the subject might be, would have been willing to undertake this labor, and Mr. Heartman is to be congratulated upon the result of his properly modest beginning, he has accomplished much from every point of view. G. M. T.

## Auction Sales Calendar

Sotheby and Company. January 27-30, inclusive—Printed Books and a few manuscripts, the property of various owners. Among the books included are: Restif de la Bretonne's "Le Nouvel Abeilard," 1778, "La Decouverte australe par un homme-volant," 1781, and "Les Contemporaines," second edition, Leipsick (sic), 17-81-86; Walter Scott and Dickens's novels, several copies of each in various states of preservation; Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," 1892, and "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," 1894; A. E. Coppard—eleven items signed by author, including one translation into Swedish; a group of volumes printed in Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including Manuel Rodriguez's "Summa de Cassos de Consciencia," Salamanca, 1595, Seneca's "Epistolas," Toledo, 1500, and Xenophon's "Obras; trasladodas de Criego por el Secretario Diego Cracian," Salamanca, 1552; Delamain's "The making, description and use of a small portable instrument called a Horizontall Quadrant," London, 1632; Aristotle's "Opera Graece," volumes 2, 3, 4 (part 1 only), and 5, Venice, Oldus, 1497-1498; Polybius's "History; translated by Edward Grimeston," London, 1634; an unusually large number of Kipling items; the sporting novels of Apperley and Surtees; Thomas deGray's "Compleat Horseman and Expert Ferrier," London, T. Harper for Nicholas Vavaso, 1639; Richard Sheldon's "Certain general reasons, proving the lawfulnesse of the Oath of Allegiance," London, 1611; "The Thirteene Bookes of Aeneidos . . . translated by Thomas Phaer and Thomas Twyne," London, 1589; and several Miniature Books.

American Art Association—Anderson Galleries. January 28-30, inclusive—Part II (H-Z) of the Salomons Library. Among the items are: William Havell's Series of picturesque views of the River Thames, London, 1818; William Heath "The Life of a Soldier," London, 1823, a large paper copy with the plates in three states; probably the only known copy of "The History of Poor Bob; the Chimney Sweeper," London, 1819, with three colored plates by George Cruikshank; Samuel Ireland's "Picturesque Tours," a complete set, in eight volumes, of first editions, London, 1792-1800; "Kenilworth, or the Golden Days of Queen Bess," London, n.d., with an original pencil sketch by George Cruikshank for the first frontispiece, signed by him; the series of twenty etchings by Cruikshank after Crowquill for the "Eccentric Tales" (London, 1827), accompanied by fourteen of the proof etchings colored by Cruikshank as guides for the aquatinter; an aquatint panorama in colors, sixty feet in length, of the Thames from London to Richmond, issued about 1825; Claude le Lorrain's "Liber Veritatis; or, a Collection of three hundred prints after original designs of Claude le Lorrain, in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire," London, John Boydell, 1777-1817; the complete series of twenty-four proof etchings of Thomas Malton's "Views of Oxford," colored by Malton as guides for the aquatinter; "The Progress of a Midshipman," London, 1820, done by Cruikshank from Captain Marryat's designs with his original drawing for the last plate; William Mudford's "An Historical Account of the Campaign in the Netherlands in 1815," London, 1817; Robert Nixon's "Past! Present! and to Come!!!" London, n. d.; G. B. and F. Piranesi "Opera," Rome and Paris, 1761-1808; a complete set of the *Quizzical Gazette Extraordinary* from No. 1, April 1, 1819; Lovell A. Reeve "Conchologia Iconica," London, 1843-1878, twenty volumes; a complete set of "The Scourge: or, Monthly Expositor of Imposture and Folly," London, 1811-1816; a large collection of Thackeray which has, unfortunately, been rebound consistently; a few panoramas of Queen Victoria's Coronation; Charles Westmacott's "The English Spy," London, 1825-1826; and many other books whose chief interest lies in the Cruikshank illustrations.

American Art Association-Anderson Galleries. February 5-6 inclusive—Books from the libraries of the late G. W. H. Ritchie, of Providence, Rhode Island, and of A. W. Tillinghast. The Ritchie books are largely extra-illustrated works of Standard Authors: the Tillinghast books are miscellaneous, including illustrated books of the last fifty years, and many first editions.

Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. February 1—Books and Pamphlets mainly relating to the Colonial Period of the United States. The items include: William Aspinwall's "A Premonition of Sundry Sad Calamities yet to come," London, 1655; Bishop Berkeley's "The Miscellany, containing several tracts on various subjects," London, 1752; Edward Brerewood's "Enqvires Touching the diversity of Langvages," London, 1614; Edmund Burke's "Speech on Moving his Resolution for Conciliation with the Colonies," London, 1775, with the half-title; John Cotton's "Of the Holiness of Church Members," London, 1650; James Grant Forbes's "Sketches, historical and topographical of the Floridas," New York, 1821, with the folding map and the added leaf of advertisements; Philip Freneau's "American Independence," Philadelphia, 1788; "The Voyages, Distresses and Adventures of Capt. Winterfield. Written by himself," London, 1799; George Keith's five "Narratives" London, 1696-1701; Alexander Mackenzie's "Voyages from Montreal on the River St. Laurence," Philadelphia, 1802, the first American edition; James Murray's "Impartial History of the Present War in America," Newcastle upon Tyne, 1779-1780, three volumes; Hugh Peters's "God's Doings, and Man's Duty," London, 1646; a presentation copy of Richard Price's "Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty," London, 1776; "Sir Walter Rawleigh's Ghost, or, England's Forewarner," Utrecht, 1626; Miss Seward's "Monody on Major André," Lichfield, 1781, with her signature at the end of the poem; Gilbert Tennent's "Some account of the principles of the Moravians," London, 1743; and John Wesley's "Calm Address to Our American Colonies," London, 1775, and his "Calm Address to the Inhabitants of England," London, 1777. G. M. T.

## An Edition of the "Mariner"

THE edition of Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" which has recently been put out by Douglas Cleverdon, Bristol, England (through Walter V. McKee, New York), is in many ways a very handsome piece of fine printing. Four hundred and sixty copies have been issued in three styles, sixty of them being signed by the illustrator, and on different papers.

What distinguishes this book is the harmony which has been achieved between the illustrations and the type. Such harmony is simple when one is dealing with wood-engraving, but these pictures are etchings, and

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that makes a harmonious type arrangement very difficult. The plates are drawn in a very severe technique of lines almost as austere as Flaxman's, to which has been added considerable shading in closely spaced, short, fine, parallel lines. The resulting plates are sharp and extremely delicate, but with no "cotton wool" quality whatever. The balance between archaism and naturalism is well preserved, and the peculiar quality of the story preserved in the pictures.

To obtain a similar effect in the typography, that most delicate of type faces, Arrighi, has been used, well leaded in a large paper page. Coleridge's running commentary is set in an equally delicate archaic eighteenth-century roman (Norstedt's), of very small size. The whole effect of the type pages is thus suggestive of engraving, and the text and the plates tie together beautifully.

This is one of the most delectable examples of printing which I have seen for a long time. There is evidence throughout of the most sensitive feeling for type and for the book as a whole. The binding is not very good—it should have been much more subtle and delicate, for the volume is one which deserves the efforts of a skilled binder, and the printing would well repay a fine binding. R.

MODERN TYPOGRAPHY AND LAYOUT. By DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE. Chicago: Eyncourt Press. 1929.

IF modern books are seldom, in this country, designed in a "modernistic" way, it is because of the creative poverty of our designers and facilities. In Europe, and especially in Germany, a very distinct change in the manner of printing has occurred, even if a distinct modern style has not been developed. This has been accomplished primarily by the revival of sans-serif types, and their straightforward use in accordance with their patterns. A second variety of types in use in modern printing is the bloated romans current in the early nineteenth century—letter forms inexpressibly ugly both then and now. The modern work done with these types is bad, hard to read, lacking all beauty. The third form of modern letters are those which seek, within the bounds of comeliness, to revive some of the more fantastic shapes—of these the "Eve" type of Rudolph Koch is an example.

Now in the use of these types violent distortion of type lines and decorative units is frequently evident; this seems to betoken experimentation and unfamiliarity with the new ideas. But there have been done a good many pieces of printing, both in books and in advertising, where the unconventional or even bizarre arrangement of type and decoration must be called successful. Most of this really interesting work has come from Germany, and has been done with the new sans-serif types.

Mr. McMurtrie's book starts off with the illogical absurdity of titles and sentences starting without capital letters—a desperate advertising trick which has found some vogue amongst users of newspaper space. An excellent sans-serif type (Ludlow "Stellar") has been used for the text, with a slight and not unpleasant attempt at modernistic treatment of the type pages. There is an introduction by Edmund G. Gress, and chapters on various aspects of the cult of modernism in typography, all going to make a pretty complete treatise on the subject. It is, of course, too early in the game to expect a complete synopsis of what modernism is, but the text furnishes many suggestions.

The real value of the book, however, is in its illustrations of "modernistic" printing from Europe. An examination of the plates will serve to show what has been attempted, and to give suggestions for further efforts. One's first reaction will be "agin" the whole thing; but after all the practice of typography, practically unchanged for four hundred years, is ready for a violent shaking-up, and one cannot be sure that we have not here the beginning of a new conception of the printed page which will be more in harmony with the new processes which will displace type and type-printing machines, than the conventional and comfortable typography of the past. Those of us who grew up in the tradition of Caslon or Scotch Roman type will be quite uncomfortable in the new welter, but the future of printing does not belong to us; it belongs to the experimenters and innovators who are quite cheerful amid the ugliness they produce because they are stumbling on to something different. R.

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[*Signed*] ARNOLD BENNETT.

The book will be released on Thursday, January 23rd, and the other tributes to follow will be from the pens of

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Back in December, 1928, *The Inner Sanctum's* good friends over at Garden City founded "the most exclusive organization in the world," THE THOUSAND-COPIES-A-WEEK CLUB, with such books as *John Brown's Body* and *Point Counter Point* as charter members.

During 1929 a few entries from Thirty-seven West 57th Street Made The Grade, a few of them, like *The Art of Thinking, Believe It or Not, The Cradle of the Deep, Wolf Solent, Twelve Against the Gods,* and *Caught Short* capturing multiple-memberships with palms [one as many as thirty-two memberships in two days, MR. RIPLEY!]

But here is even a more thrilling phenomenon: four of these books are keeping up, and nobly exceeding, the coveted thousand-a-week pace in the midst of the new year-inventory-interlude *after* the peak of the Christmas trade.

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TO continue for a few minutes the remarks made last week concerning war novels, we should mention two most recent ones, both of which have already had acclaim in England. They are "Gray Dawn—Red Night," by *James Lansdale Hodson,* and "The Whistlers' Room," by *Paul Alverdes.* The former is now published here by Doubleday, Doran, the latter by Covici-Friede. The first-named is by far the larger book, in actual size, though we should venture to doubt if it is in importance. Frank Swinnerton is the great rooter for "The Whistlers' Room," though so, as a matter of fact, is Gerald Gould—as he is for "Gray Dawn—Red Night" also. . . .

*S. A. Jacobs* has made a beautiful book for Covici-Friede of *Genevieve Taggard's* "Circumference: Varieties of Metaphysical Verse 1456-1928." Miss Taggard says that in the whole range of English verse she has found only two genuinely metaphysical poets, *John Donne* and *Emily Dickinson.* Nevertheless the varieties of verse she presents, ancient and modern, are extremely interesting. Among the most recent poets she gives *E. E. Cummings* a lot of space. At this we slightly wonder. . . .

The most recent of the Argus Books, Chicago, is "The Collected Tales of *Pierre Louys,*" illustrated by *John Austen,* a beautiful volume. "Woman and Puppet" is the longest and most sensational of these stories, and concerns the sadistic Concha and André, her cheated lover, though probably "The House upon the Nile" is the best of the tales, on the whole. The beauty of Mr. Austen's line and color is well known. These present illustrations are striking examples of his notable art. . . .

A book on *Lincoln MacVeagh's* Spring catalogue, slated for April 15th, interests us much. It is a travel book and is entitled, "The Worst Journey in the World," by *Apsley Cherry-Garrard. Bernard Shaw* has highly praised it. Cherry-Garrard was the one survivor of the journey. But what could it have been? Where to and where from? Shaw says, "the reader forgets how comfortable he is in his arm-chair, and remembers the tale with a shiver as if he had been through it himself." . . .

Following the success of "Ultima Thule," W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., are publishing another novel by *Henry Handel Richardson,* called "Australia Felix." It is said to deal with the same characters that were in the former book. But this time we have the Australia of the turbulent days of the gold rush. It will be out in about five days. . . .

The winter number of *The Hound and Horn* is before us and reviews in it that have interested us are that by *Yvor Winters* of *"Bunny" Wilson's* recent book of poems and *Lewis Galantiere's* estimate of *Hemingway's* "A Farewell to Arms." We do not completely agree with either appraisal, but they are intelligent and balanced. . . .

*Page Cooper* says that "The Love of Jeanne Ney" by the young Russian, *Ilya Ehrenbourg* (which has already been published in England, Russia, France, and Germany) has moved her more powerfully than anything she has read since "Jean Christophe." Miss Cooper is a remarkably honest publicity woman, and when she says something like that we believe her. So we are going to read the book very soon. . . .

Our own *Mrs. Becker* is this year to take over the "Books and Reading Department" for young people in *The Scholastic, A National Magazine for the Schoolroom.* This periodical is published every other week during the school year at the Wabash Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., and *Kenneth M. Gould* is the managing editor thereof. All books for review in *The Scholastic* should be addressed to Mrs. Becker as Book Editor, *The Scholastic,* 114 Morningside Drive, New York City. . . .

Which does not mean that *The Saturday Review* is losing Mrs. Becker's services. Not by no manner of means! . . .

The Grabhorn Press of San Francisco is to print a fine edition of *Benvenuto Cellini's* Autobiography for Random House, New York. And they have just completed a beautiful edition of "Leaves of Grass" for the same publishers. . . .

*Chesterton's* new volume of fiction (Dodd, Mead), following on "The Poet and the Lunatics," is entitled "The Moderate Murderer." The book is composed of four long stories bound together by a sort of basic paradox—as of course they would be, seeing they are by Chesterton. . . .

We have heard enthusiastic rumors concerning one of the March novels to come from Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, namely, "Gallows' Orchard," by *Claire Spencer,* in which the tragedy, as in the Greek drama, seems preordained. . . .

*Dale Warren* of Houghton Mifflin informs us that *Sophia Cleugh,* wife of *Dennis Cleugh,* the actor, of whom we spoke some time back, and who was a good friend of Mr. Warren's, has just joined the ranks of Houghton Mifflin authors and that firm is bringing out her new novel, "Song-Bird," this Spring. It is the romance of a Spanish opera singer who calls to mind *Emma Calvé.* . . .

*James Shine,* of Phoenix, Arizona, says he supposes we will hand "that fifty" to a poet. He doesn't care so much for poets. He goes on:

> Once I accidentally saved a poet's life. In a weak moment I bought him a baked-ham sandwich and a bottle of milk. He was so grateful that he took to following me around like a shadow. I'd chase him away, but he'd come right back. Wherever I went *he* went. He became a heavy responsibility. People thought he was a friend of mine, and I had to feed him occasionally to keep him from dying on my hands. He got so he wouldn't let strangers come near the house. I had to tie him up. This made him ill-tempered. One day he bit a little girl. She died. That was the end. The police took him away. I think they shot him. It was all very sad and tragic, and practically ruined my life. Don't say poets to *me.* . . .

Another bulletin from *Louis Untermeyer* puns against all reason. Thus:

> And so when two American poets encounter such vistas in Florence their eyes are constantly in a fine Firenze rolling. . . . And the happiest of New Years to you.

The postal, a panorama of Firenze, is signed both by Louis and by *Leonard Bacon,* who lives there. . . .

The Mark Twain Society states that it is very simple to establish a Mark Twain Club. All it requires is a group of three or more people who are interested in Mark Twain, a meeting of this group at certain intervals to discuss one of Mark's books or a particular phase of his career, the sending of the names of Club members to the Mark Twain Society, at Webster Groves, Missouri, or Mayfield, California, whichever place is nearer. The question of officers, frequency of meeting, and the matter of local dues is left entirely to the option of the local organization. Such membership automatically makes one a member of the International Mark Twain Society. The Mark Twain Society has a collection of Twainiana at the Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis. All members are privileged to view this, when visiting St. Louis, if they write for a card. . . .

Beginning next Monday, Doubleday, Doran & Company is to put on sale in the Penn Terminal Book Shop, for one week only, about two hundred copies of *Frank Maserell's* picture novels, his stories in woodcuts, which originated this new form in art and story-telling. These will be the low-priced board 3½ mark edition which have been so popular on the continent. The experiment is to see whether there is a market in America for popular-priced editions of the books of this remarkable Belgian artist. . . .

Professor *H. W. Garrod* of Harvard University, whose criticism of modern poetry is well known, will lecture on "The Testament of Beauty," by *Robert Bridges,* on the afternoon of February 19th at Aeolian Hall. Admission will be by ticket only. We devoutly urge everyone who can attend to secure a ticket at Aeolian Hall, as Bridges's new poem is one of the most notable achievements in English verse in this century, and Professor Garrod's interpretation of it is sure to be extremely interesting. Robert Bridges's poem was published on January 16th by the Oxford University Press. . . .

The Harbor Press of New York City (142 East 32nd St.) announces a prize of three hundred dollars for the best manuscript submitted in a poetry contest. This contest is primarily for poets who have not had their work published in book form. Full particulars may be had from the Poetry Contest Editor, The Harbor Press, Incorporated. . . .

Saying which off we toddle through the rain. . . .

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# Points of View

## Humanism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

"A bastard theory of a mechanistic world based on supposed facts," as you firmly recognize in your editorial of January 11th, has contributed largely to that "much needed reaction against the unbridled experiment and the pragmatic irresponsibility of the last ten years" which is at last upon us. The natural result of a reaction against naturism, as you also indicate, is a movement toward humanism. And the movement toward humanism is naturally attended by "a controversy that already begins to show more prejudice than scholarship and a keener desire to score upon the opponent than to help the bystander in his muddled thinking."

This warning seems to me eminently salutary. Not only the muddled bystander, but equally the scholar, the scientist, the humanist are wholly capable of that intellectual absurdity known as prejudice. I trust that I am not presumptuous and impertinent in trying to point out, in your own very able editorial, certain prejudices that are common to-day.

In the first place, prejudice results from a failure to distinguish between the humanist "school" and the individuals who are conceived as belonging to the "school." Their divergencies in temper and belief are so great that scholarship demands a plain statement as to the subject of discourse, whether it be Mr. Babbitt, or Mr. More, or another member of the group, or the group as a whole. I do not know what is meant by "some of the new humanists." I should like to know who the humanists are who propose "to wipe out the nineteenth century," and who *deny* that "life and its accumulated knowledge must all be accepted as data before moral and philosophic choices can be made." I should like to know whether the proponents of "a new Calvinism" are at the same time "gentlemen in towers of synthetic ivory."

In the second place, wholesale descriptions of this sort are in themselves prejudiced caricatures rather than scholarly portraits, unless they are accompanied by retail evidence. Mr. Mencken and his followers did a vast amount of harm by establishing a habit of wholesale attack and ridicule supported with either scanty or no evidence and characterized with a refusal to face the real issues. Though the virulence of Menckenism has abated, *Mercury* methods are still the rule in the attacks on the humanists. It is time for other methods. It is time, for instance, for those who conceive the "new humanism" to be merely a "new Calvinism" to pass beyond the damnatory phrase to the evidence—the doctrines and practice that mark the humanists as sons of Calvin. Certainly, either John Calvin or Jonathan Edwards would brand them as illegitimate sons at best; for one thing, they differ basically in regard to the question of the freedom of the will. Certainly, Mr. More would be much less at home with Calvin than with Lancelot Andrewes or Plato; Mr. Babbitt, than with Dr. Johnson or Aristotle. But the real point is not whom a given humanist is like or unlike; what matters is *why* he is akin to this or that person—what his beliefs, his habits of mind, his concrete acts of faith and life are, in terms of the specific evidence on record.

NORMAN FOERSTER.
University of North Carolina.

## Mr. Benson Replies

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Roughly speaking there are two kinds of literature: (1) inspirational and (2) "perspirational." When I reviewed Fulton Oursler's *opus*, "The World's Delight," for your issue of December 28th, I neglected to mention that this cinematized biography of Adah Isaacs Menken fell into the second division. I then believed that it was better to err on the side of the angels. Mr. Oursler has since given me cause to regret that I reviewed his "novel" (self-styled) with more understanding and circumspection than it received at the hands of most reviewers.

In the January 11th number of your periodical Mr. Oursler finds me guilty on three points: (1) that my review of his book for the December 28th issue of the *Saturday Review* was a reprint of a "paid for review" (Mr. Oursler repeats this four times in his letter!) the substance of which first appeared in the September 14th edition of the New York *Evening Post*. (2) That despite tenuous evidence offered by Mr. Oursler, I repeated the following conviction in my review for this paper: "It seems paradoxical to us that Mr. Oursler, once having admitted that Adah was unable to bear her first husband (Alexander Menken) a child, should have proceeded to accept the 'child myth' of her marriage to the pugilist John C. Heenan. For the sake of fiction we imagine, the author of 'The World's Delight' proposes to believe that a boy was born to Adah of her marriage to the Benicia Battler. This unverified and unverifiable legend comes down to Mr. Oursler from the incandescent pen of Ed. James, one of Adah Menken's earliest biographers, and most unreliable, with Richard Northcott running a close second." (*Mr. Oursler quotes me to* his advantage by chopping off my qualifications for Ed James). (3) The following is torn from the fifth paragraph of Mr. Oursler's letter: "I forbear to call attention to numerous other points in the review because I am entirely satisfied that the true nature of this piece is disclosed by itself."

I will answer this wholesale condemnation point by point. (1) I was perfectly aware, when I reviewed the Menken book for this paper that the *Post* had "paid me" for a review of the same book. I had two very good reasons for doing this. (a) My *Post* review was shorter and the tone tempered by "circumstances." (b) To review the same book for the *Saturday Review* gave me the opportunity to write a more complete, if more severe, expression of my critical opinions. At the time, this didn't seem to be a violation of professional etiquette. Why, I reasoned, should not a competent review—written by one who had spent several months, previous to the publication of Mr. Oursler's volume, preparing a monograph on Adah Menken—be used by two different papers?

(2) It is true that I saw the photographic reproduction of Adah and a (!) baby which Mr. Oursler submitted to the New York *Evening Post*. Although this may seem like satisfactory evidence to Mr. Oursler that the baby in dispute belonged to Adah, I still have very good cause to ask "whose baby?" Until I come across at least one written document that corroborates the photograph, I prefer to believe that Adah's children were all unborn. Mr. Oursler's postlude to his book invites additional incredulity. He writes: "this is merely a tale, invented and garnished, with chronologies altered, facts displaced, to meet the author's fancy."

(3) Let us, now, chew on the last bone of contention. If there were additional opportunities for specific censure, is it likely that Mr. Oursler would have "forborne" to make himself more explicit? Except for the much profaned baby, I don't think I am doing Mr. Oursler an injustice when I draw the conclusion that the only retaliation possible was for him to inform the editors of this paper that I was being paid by two publications for one review.

E. M. BENSON.
New York.

## The Powys-Russell Debate

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I, too, feel inclined to write to you regarding the debate between Mr. J. C. Powys and Mr. Bertrand Russell, but rather in a retaliatory vein to Abbé Ernest Dimnet. Though by far removed from that exalted position occupied by the good Abbé amidst the *intelligentsia*, I do dare to differ with his opinion of the debate, "Modern Marriage Is a Failure."

For a man like Mr. Dimnet to honestly believe that even two intellectuals could discuss the eternal question of the ages seriously and before an audience, seems almost incomprehensible. I am inclined to believe that the distasteful weather prevailing that evening influenced Mr. Dimnet to a greater degree of mournfulness than all Mr. Russell's pessimistic wit.

Not too many people were prepared to accept the debate as a means of solving the matrimonial problem. If so, then certainly Mr. Broun's antics at the introduction dispelled, or rather shattered, that illusion.

Marriage is too individualistic in all of its serious aspects to be debated before an audience. Its personal logic can't be applied to an audience without effecting a farce.

As to an evening of entertainment, I prefer Mr. Broun's subtle humor to any of the so-called specialists Mr. Dimnet would care to mention.

HARRY L. HOFFMAN.
Middle Village, L. I.


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